MY LITTLE PONY: A NEW GENERATION

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Notes: Unless otherwise stated, all ponies appearing in the locations of Maretime Bay, Zephyr Heights, or Bridlewood are earth ponies, pegasi, or unicorns, respectively.

Ponies in this movie differ from those on *Friendship Is Magic* in two major aspects of their appearance: exposed hooves in a different color from the coat, and the presence of a cutie mark on only the right haunch.

The breaks between acts are somewhat arbitrary, and have been chosen to divide the movie into four parts of approximately equal length (including the prologue plus Act One).

All background lyrics are in square brackets; any marked with exclamation points are shouted rather than sung.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a screen filled with the vivid vertical stripes of a sparkling rainbow, against which the words "Netflix Presents" appear. A winged pony silhouette flies into view in the far distance. Approaching the camera, this resolves into the figure of Twilight Sparkle, who gains some altitude as the camera rises to follow.*)

Twilight: Whoo-hoo! (*She breaks through into a clear sunrise sky.*) Yeah!

(*A swooping descent brings her down to a riverbank at which all of her friends save Rainbow Dash have gathered for a picnic.*)

Twilight: Hurry, friends! (*Pinkie Pie gasps.*) Time for another adventure! (*She flies off; now Rainbow wings into view.*)
Rainbow: Adventure? I'm in! (*Off she goes.*)
Applejack: Yee-hoo! Let's go, ponies!

(*Cut to a close-up of her galloping full tilt and Pinkie pulling in alongside.*)

Twilight: (*from o.s.*) Earth ponies, take the lead!

Pinkie: (*under the previous line*) Woo-hoo! (*To Fluttershy and Rainbow in flight.*)
Twilight: (*from o.s.*) Pegasi, fly beside me! (*To Rarity on the move, igniting her horn.*) Unicorns, horns at the ready!

(*All six gather on a grassy hilltop, backed by the rainbow and an eruption of hearts and bubbles in the air.*)

All six: FOR EQUESTRIA!

(*A small close-up of Rarity appears at the center and quickly expands to fill the screen. On each line after hers, the new speaker appears in a panel at the far right and those of the previous ones contract to make room for it.*)

Rarity: What fantastical foe awaits us, Princess?
Fluttershy: (*apprehensively*) Is it something scary?
Rainbow: Or is it something awesome?
Twilight: No matter what it is, we'll face it together.

(*A streak of rainbow flashes past, the view changing behind it to put them back on the hilltop as the glare clears away.*)

Twilight: For we are the guardians of friendship! With the power of our friendship and magic, we will…
Pinkie: Spread love!
Fluttershy: Give hugs!

(*Rarity's next two lines are delivered in a voice that sounds as if it belongs in the mouth of a colt, and a not-too-nice one at that. They are also accompanied by a flash of red eyes and nasty big pointy teeth.*)

Rarity: Fry brains! (*General bewilderment from the others.*)
Fluttershy: Huh?
Twilight: Wait, what?
Rarity: (*as the sky darkens and goes sick green; her horn crackles*) Yeah, I'm a unicorn and we're *evil!* (*over others' gasps/cries*) I'm gonna zap everypony with my horn lasers!

(*Screaming, all others except Twilight scatter to stay ahead of the crazed unicorn and the spells she has begun firing off. Zoom in slowly on the Princess as she tries to keep her cool; her next words are spoken in a filly's voice.*)

Twilight: What? No! No, no, no! It's all wrong!

(*On this last word, cut to a close-up of the speaker, Sunny Starscout, positioned at a table so that only her head and front hooves are visible over its edge. Orange earth pony, fading to off-white "sock" markings over red-brown hooves; bright magenta mane/tail/eyebrows, the former pulled*

back from her face; green eyes. She is moving a Twilight figurine on the table, and an expanse of windows stands behind her through which a clear blue daytime sky can be seen. As she speaks, she stands up from the table to reveal a pair of cardboard wings strapped across her back.)

Sunny: The ponies are all supposed to get along, remember?

(*Longer shot of the area, an interior room with a few playthings laid out near the windows—including a bedsheet strung up as a tent. The table is round, set with figurines of the six equine heroes, and two earth pony colts are present as well. One is Sprout Cloverleaf: red coat, blond mane/tail, off-white socks, red-brown hooves, bright green eyes under dark red brows. The other is Hitch Trailblazer: tan coat tinged with yellow, short blue-green mane/tail, brown hooves, off-white socks, belly, and "blaze" stripe down the bridge of his nose; golden brown eyes with darker brows. The camera shift picks out the darker purple streaks in Sunny's mane/tail and the rubber band securing the end of the former. Sprout's voice marks him as the one who commandeered Rarity's role.*)

Sprout: Bo-o-o-ring!
Sunny: (*crossing room*) It's like in the olden times when all three pony kinds were friends—
Sprout: Ugh, here we go again.
Sunny: —and they *never* used their magic against each other!
Sprout: You're wrong!
Sunny: (*turning to him*) No, I'm not!
Sprout: (*climbing on table, raising Rarity figure*) My mom says the pegasi and unicorns tried to eat up all the earth ponies by zapping 'em with lasers and frying 'em to a crisp.

(*On the second half of this line, the camera cuts to the table as he drops the toy so that it knocks the Fluttershy one over.*)

Sunny: They wouldn't do that!
Sprout: (*knocking Rainbow down with Fluttershy*) So the earth ponies kicked their butts in an epic battle, and if they ever try to come back to Maretime Bay, we'll kick their butts again!
Sunny: Those are lies! Hitch, tell him!
Hitch: Well, uh, that *is* kinda what our teacher said in history class, but… (*Sunny sighs.*) …but, hey, oh, we can play the game your way if you want, Sunny. I don't mind.
Sprout: Well, I do! (*jumping off table*) It's a boring game. (*Tilt down slowly through the floor, putting them o.s.*) Ooh, let's play Pegasus Barbecue instead!
Sunny: Sprout, stop it! (*Next two lines overlap.*)
Sprout: Earth Pony Burgers!
Sunny: I'm going to tell my dad!

(*The rambunctious colt's laughter echoes in the air as the camera reaches a different room and slowly pans/zooms out through this space. The far wall is dominated by a framed map of Equestria, on which sketches of the cutie marks of Twilight and all her friends except Applejack have been taped up; other parts of the room are cluttered with books and artifacts. Sitting at a worktable in the middle of this barely organized chaos is Argyle Starshine, applying paint to an*

open-sided lamp whose frame is decorated with cutouts shaped as ponies of all three tribes. Earth pony stallion; pale blue coat over deeper-hued hooves; untidy blue/purple mane/tail shot with thin streaks of white; deep purple eyes framed by half-moon reading glasses; purple eyebrows and sideburns; a thin cord looped around his neck. The sound of the three foals' argument breaks his concentration; on the start of the next exchange, a platform carrying them descends into this room—a combination kitchen and study—from the level above on cables. The two colts are engaged in a lively bit of inter-tribal skirmishing. This shot picks out a leather-bound journal book on the table, stuffed with notes and loose pages so that the cover—embossed with the two central stars of Twilight's cutie mark—strains against the clasp holding it shut.)

Sprout: Horn fight!
Sunny: You're going to break them!
Hitch: Take that, earth pony! (*Laughter and "pew-pew" sounds from the colts.*)
Sunny: (*to Argyle*) Dad, tell them that's not what they do!

(*In close-up, he steps out from behind his table, showing that the cord is attached to a wooden pendant bearing a cutout of the two six-pointed stars at the center of Twilight's cutie mark.*)

Hitch: (*from o.s.*) How does that feel?
Argyle: (*patiently*) Time to head on home, don't you think, colts?
Sprout: (*tossing figurine aside*) Ugh, fine. (*Still "firing spells," he and Hitch head for the door.*)
Hitch: Oh, no! My brains are melting!

(*Cut to just outside the front door as it swings open to frame them, gasping and looking up at a shadow falling across them.*)

Sprout: (*shocked*) Mom?
Hitch: (*smiling*) Hello, Mrs. Cloverleaf!

(*On the end of the greeting, cut to frame these two and the new arrival, Phyllis Cloverleaf. Pink earth pony mare; blond mane/tail/eyebrows, the former a carefully styled mound atop her noggin. She wears a single pearl on a thin gold chain at her throat, as well as pink-framed cat's-eye glasses in front of light blue eyes with pale violet shadow. The camera placement leaves her lower legs out of view for the moment.*)

Phyllis: (*to Sprout*) How many times have I told you? You cannot just go trotting off without my permission— (*under her breath*) —especially not here.
Argyle: (*crossing to them*) And why is that again, Phyllis?
Phyllis: Because *you* are brainwashing their minds with all of your…uh, nonsense.
Argyle: It's called research, Phyllis. And, by the way, I leave all the brainwashing in Maretime Bay to you.

(*By this point, the camera has given a view of the rubber band he is using to tie his mane back. Sunny joins the gathering at this point, proffering a plate of cupcakes topped with tri-color spires of icing. Each one also has two bits of candy on its sides, placed diametrically opposite.*)

Argyle: Unicorn cupcake?
Sunny: Freshly baked!
Phyllis: (*scoffing, to Argyle*) You know, you're an earth pony, Argyle. (*pulling Sprout away from the plate*) You should really start acting like one— (*easing Hitch, Sprout out the door*) —at least for her sake.

(*This exchange picks out both adults' cutie marks—a yellow star with a rainbow contrail for him, a rising bar graph and trend arrow for her. In addition, her pinkish-red hooves are now visible, as is a gold band around the end of her tail and the fading of her coat to a lighter shade near the hooves. As for Sunny, she wastes no time in chomping a mouthful out of one treat, leaving a smear of icing around her lips, and giggles. Cut to a long shot of the residence—a red/white-striped lighthouse on a grassy hilltop that overlooks a placid shoreline—as Phyllis and the colts depart along a stone path leading down from the front door.*)

Phyllis: Who does he think he is, talking to me like that? That pony is trouble.
Sprout: Don't worry, Mommy. When I become Sheriff, I'll keep everypony in line. (*He pulls ahead to catch up to Hitch, leaving her alone.*)
Phyllis: (*to herself*) Hmmm…Sheriff Sprout. (*laughing*) It does have a certain ring to it.

(*Argyle has kept the front door open just a crack so he can listen in. Now he closes it, causing a framed photograph on the wall nearby to tilt askew—himself giving Sunny a ride on his back. Nudging it level, he finds his daughter slumping glumly at the kitchen counter and regarding her Rainbow and Rarity figurines. The icing around her mouth has been cleaned away. She voices a barely audible sigh as he crosses to her.*)

Argyle: What's the matter, Sunny-Bunny?
Sunny: Hitch and Sprout still don't believe me.
Argyle: Maybe one day they will. But the important thing is that you stand up for what you believe in. Okay?
Sunny: (*smiling, circling to him*) Well, when I grow up, I'm going to show everypony that we're right.
Argyle: Oh?
Sunny: Yeah! And someday, the both of us will meet unicorns, or a pegasus, and we'll be best friends forever.
Argyle: Well, maybe today's that day. (*He glances out the window and points.*) Look! A unicorn! (*Sunny gasps and races over; he ducks out of view.*)
Sunny: Where? Where?
Argyle: (*from o.s.*) Over here!

(*Back to him, now proudly wearing a cardboard horn smack in the center of his forehead and a cocked-eyebrow smile. It slides down to his nose, prompting laughter from both, and he slips it back into place and lets her climb onto his back for a gallop around the kitchen.*)

Sunny: (*over his laughs/whoops*) Whee! I'm soaring through the sky! Wait, Dad! I have an idea!

(*He stops to lend an ear. Tilt up through the ceiling and stop at the room in which the three foals were playing—now recognizable as the chamber that contains the lighthouse's lantern. Sunny is at the central table, hard at work drawing something as Argyle looks on. Through the expansive windows, the sky is darkening into evening.*)

Argyle: (*clearing throat, reading*) "Dear unicorns and pegasi: You have friends in Maretime Bay. Come visit us."
Sunny: Can we send it?

(*Close-up of the sheet in her hooves: a crayon picture of one pony from each of the three tribes, enjoying treats from a picnic basket against a rainbow/cloud/star backdrop. The message is written in, with "you" misspelled as "yu" and the I in "pegasi" jogged up above a crossed-out U. There is no punctuation except for an exclamation point after the last word.*)

Argyle: (*from o.s., chuckling*) I think it's our duty.

(*Dissolve to a close-up of the note attached to a paper lantern that is slowly rising from a balcony outside the lantern room, buoyed by the thermal air currents generated from the lit candle inside. Tilt up to follow it past father and daughter and over the railing into the night air beyond. The candle flame reflects in Sunny's wide, enraptured eyes as the craft sets off on a journey to parts unknown. Noticing that he is still wearing the fake horn, Argyle pulls it free and parks it on Sunny's forehead; she giggles and nuzzles his foreleg affectionately.*)

Sunny: Can you tell me the story?
Argyle: Again?
Sunny: Pleeeease? (*Tilt up slowly from the pair as he continues.*)
Argyle: (*chuckling*) Once upon a time, many, many moons ago in ancient Equestria, there lived a very special—
Sunny: (*now o.s.*) —unicorn!
Argyle: (*chuckling, now o.s. as well*) The unicorn was very bright.

(*Dissolve to a close-up of a mobile hung with sun, moon, clouds, stars, and tiny lights; tilt down.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) As bright as the sun.

(*The camera movement brings them both into view, now in her bedroom; she sits up in bed and is playing with her Twilight toy, while he reads from his journal at her bedside. The wall above her headboard is festooned with crayon drawings, and a stuffed doll is tucked in next to her. She has shed her cardboard wings and horn, and the lighting is dim.*)

Argyle: One day, the Princess summoned her to the castle for an important assignment.
Sunny: To learn about friendship!
Argyle: Mmm-hmm.

(*He takes the figurine from her; close-up of her nightstand, holding the other five, as he sets it in line with them.*)

Argyle: She soon made lots of new friends.
Sunny: (*from o.s.*) Earth ponies, pegasuses, and unicorns. (*Both again.*)
Argyle: Together, they showed everypony the magic of friendship, and how to live in harmony.

(*Now he hefts the lamp he was working on in his study for her to see.*)

Sunny: Wow…you finished it!
Argyle: Pretty neat, huh? Earth ponies watched in wonder as pegasi painted rainbows across the sky. The nights were lit up by a hundred unicorn horns.

(*Accompanied by the following. He sets the device on a shelf and winds it up…a light inside glows as the framework begins to rotate…images of ponies appear on the walls/ceiling and begin to move within a scatter of stars as the frame slowly rotates and the filly voices a quiet gasp. Cut briefly to the upper reaches of the light show as he finishes, then back to Sunny.*)

Sunny: It's beautiful. (*Argyle chuckles; she settles drowsily onto her pillow.*) I wish I had a friend who could fly around or float things. (*Yawn.*) Why can't we be friends anymore?
Argyle: (*sighing*) That, my darling, is a big question. (*stroking her cheek*) And maybe one day, we'll figure it out—together. We'll do our part… (*She touches a front hoof to his.*)
Argyle, Sunny: …hoof to heart.

(*Placing a gentle kiss on the bridge of his daughter's nose, he turns for the door.*)

Sunny: Good night, Daddy.
Argyle: Good night, my little pony. (*Exit; she turns her gaze to the six miniatures on her nightstand.*)
Sunny: Good night, friends.

(*She closes her eyes. Cut to an overhead shot of the room—filled with various playthings and appropriately disorganized for a filly her age. Argyle has left the journal lying on her blanket. Zoom out slowly and fade to black as she drifts off to sleep.*)

Act One

(*Snap to an overhead shot of the same room some years later, as evidenced by the change in furniture and overall tidiness. The six toy ponies have been shifted to the same shelf on which the*

lamp sits, and a digital alarm clock occupies their former spot on the nightstand. The pictures above the bed have been switched out for a flag that bears the sun cutie mark of Princess Celestia. Sunny snores heartily under a bunched-up blanket, with the journal lying at one edge. The alarm ticks over to 7:00 and starts to beep, only to be promptly shut off by a hoof tapping on its button. She sits up in bed, now a mare instead of a filly, and displays both an eager smile and a badly frizzed-out, flyaway mane.)

(*One cavernous yawn and joint-popping stretch later, she is on her hooves and stepping across the room to eye a calendar taped to a full-length mirror propped against one wall. Her gaze flicks past rows of crossed-out days and the activities written in for them, stopping on one box adorned with a quartet of glittery stickers—sun, heart, two stars. Anticipatory glee yields to consternation once she gets a good look at herself in the mirror and blows a stray magenta strand away from her eye. A nightstand drawer is swiftly opened to reveal hundreds of rubber bands, one of which is quickly snapped on to secure the end of her mane in a single long braid. Next a saddlebag is settled into place on the left flank, resting ahead of a tail that is now properly combed out. The bag is sky-blue, sporting a lighter blue-green flap cover emblazoned with Twilight's cutie mark; it is held in place by two straps, one around the midsection and a second one encircling her neck. Pinned to this latter are three buttons that show the cutie marks of Twilight, Fluttershy, and Rainbow. Sunny gives her reflection an approving nod, having applied a second rubber band farther up the length of her braid, as morning light filters through her closed curtains.*)

(*Cut to the lantern room of the lighthouse as she rides its lift platform up into view. The toys from her youth have been replaced by a mishmash of loaded bulletin boards, taped-up papers connected by strings, houseplants, books, and arts-and-crafts supplies on the table where she and the colts played. A large spherical beacon rests directly above it in a support frame, a detail not revealed by the camera placement in the prologue. One of the boards shows a large photograph of an imposing glass-fronted building topped by a gigantic replica of Phyllis's glasses; tacked up next to it is a flyer for an annual show at Canterlogic, which boasts a logo of that mare's eyewear and mane with the silhouette of a building worked into the hairline. Sunny's pass by the board gives a view of her cutie mark: three pink stars, one larger than the others and with a two-tone blue contrail.*)

(*Now at the table, she puts the finishing touches on a sheet and lifts it; the camera is positioned so that none of the contents are visible for the moment.*)

Sunny: Perfect.

(*It is promptly folded up and slid into the saddlebag, the flap comes down, and an instant later she is descending via the lift into the study/kitchen. She trots confidently toward the front door, passing Argyle's worktable—but he is not there. Resting on it among the artifacts and ancient literature are his wooden pendant, a framed photo of him, and his glasses in an open case—the implication being that he is no longer alive.*)

(*Sunny opens one set of curtains to take in the bright morning sunshine, then trots eagerly toward the front door. The photo of herself and Argyle is still hanging next to it.*)

Sunny: Today's the day, Dad. I actually have a plan this time. Wish me luck!

(*She lets herself out, knocking the picture off kilter when the door closes, then reaches back in to straighten it before going on her way.*)

Light electric guitar/piano melody with bass/percussion accents, brisk 4 (C major)

(*In a trice, she has donned roller skates and a crash helmet and is zooming down the walk. The town of Maretime Bay stands on a cliff overlooking its namesake body of water, on the opposite shore from the lighthouse. It is an urban area of considerable size whose buildings are spread in a dense fringe along the coast. Set back from these is a broad hill on which the immense structure from Sunny's board is situated; the giant pair of glasses attached to its roof give it away as the Canterlogic headquarters.*)

Sunny: Good morning, sun, no time to chat, I gotta run
'Cause I got places to be
(*Reaching the town proper, she stops on a bridge to gaze over streets and water.*)
So much to do, excited, yes, and nervous too
A change is starting with me

(*Zoom out along one road as ponies go about their daily business. A set of trolley tracks is embedded in the pavement, and banners for the Canterlogic show are prominently displayed.*)

Strings in

Sunny: I never worry 'bout upsetting carts, hardened hearts
(*Rolling to ground level, she loads up a parked delivery cart with the wares from a nearby mobile smoothie stand, harnesses herself to it, and is off again.*)
Or wonder, "Will I belong?"

Full percussion in

Sunny: I've heard it enough, I'm calling their bluff
I'll never get lost in the gray
(*An expert spin carries her past Sprout seated at an outdoor table; he indignantly throws down the newspaper he has been reading and gives chase. The red stallion now wears a brown leather sash with a silver horseshoe pin across his chest.*)
There's something inside, burns bigger than pride
Shines out of me, lighting the way
(*She describes a large circle in a roundabout.*)
Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Be my day]
Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Ah-h, ah-h]

(*Now she stops at a railing to look out over the bay.*)

Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Gonna be my day]

(*Past a stallion seated to eat a bit of breakfast; he gasps in unwelcome surprise when Sprout pauses just long enough to chug/gobble all of it. This shot picks out the beet cutie mark on the red stallion's haunch.*)

Gonna be my day [Ooh]

Strings/percussion drop back

Sunny: Hey there, hello, the friends I make, the friends I know
Today you answer my call

(*Two foals batter a pair of piñatas—one pegasus, one unicorn—into submission and eagerly gather up the candy, to her dismay. A third is quick to get in on the haul.*)

Instead of hide, instead of staying stuck inside
Instead of building your wall

Strings strengthen

Come on and party with me, join the band, understand
We'll all be singing the song

Full percussion in

(*She offers a unicorn balloon sculpture to a downhearted filly, instantly boosting her spirits. When the youngster shows it to her parents, though, they recoil from it with cries of shock. Now Sprout commandeers a colt's skateboard to keep after Sunny.*)

Sunny: I've heard it enough, I'm calling their bluff
I'll never get lost in the gray

(*Just after she rolls over a closed manhole, a construction worker props it open from underneath to stare after her. Sprout hits the incline and is launched into a graceless, screaming flight.*)

Go big or go home, get real or get known
Get ready and raring to say

(*Meanwhile, the mare with all her wheels still on the ground begins to affix heart-shaped stickers to lampposts, trash cans, and the like. Some have silhouettes of unicorn heads, while others carry the likeness of a pegasus. Zoom in quickly to an extreme close-up of one and cut to Sunny on the move through another part of town.*)

Sunny: Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Be my day]
Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Ooh]

Piano/strings only with faint percussion; slightly looser time

(*A trio of onlookers glance worriedly toward their hooves, then scream and bug out upon finding a winged shadow falling over them. Its source proves to be a pair of kites, one bird-shaped, whose operators laugh sheepishly at having caused the scare.*)

Sunny: Everyone's afraid
Always judging, never budging
(*She stops at a framed poster of a shadowy pegasus menacing an earth pony and paints a large red heart onto the glass. The camera points out from behind it toward her.*)
Ain't it time we made
Full instrumentation in
The team, the dream?

(*A badly winded Sprout catches sight of her full effort and shoots a nasty look after her. The heart is painted around the winged figure, framed by smaller ones, and smiley faces have been added to both ponies.*)

Straight time (D flat major)

(*Sunny adds a vocal flourish and holds it under the following.*)

Sunny: Let's open our eyes, sun's starting to rise
And finally able to say
(*A burst of speed allows her to catch up to a passing trolley so she can grab the rear bumper and be towed toward Canterlogic.*)
Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Gonna be my day]
Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Gonna be my day]
Gonna be, gonna be, gonna be my day [Be my day]
(*She releases her grip, slides to a stop, considers the structure.*)
[Ah-h, ah-h]

Song ends as music fades away

(*Before she can get more than a few yards closer, Hitch pops his head out from behind a sign.*)

Hitch: Aha!

(*He steps out fully, revealing a brown leather sash across his chest and a cutie mark of a horseshoe overlaid on a gold shield, with a small heart tucked in below either side of the latter. Two small birds, one wearing an empty can for a hat, and a crab follow him out.*)

Hitch: There you are, Sunny. Just the pony I was expecting.
Sunny: Morning, Sheriff Hitch. (*looking past him*) I see you brought the whole squad along again. (*They salute; he voices an exasperated sigh.*)
Hitch: What *is* it with me and critters? I'm like a magnet to them. (*hunching down to them*) Guys, come on. Give Hitch a little space.

(*They retreat perhaps six inches; he groans and straightens up to face Sunny again.*)

Sunny: So, what's up?
Hitch: Oh, please. Like you don't know? Today is the annual presentation at Canterlogic.
Sunny: Hey, I'm headed there right now. (*She makes to advance; he blocks her with a foreleg.*)
Hitch: Uh, no, you're not.

(*This shot is close enough to give a clear view of a badge on his sash, consisting of a star nestled within a horseshoe. As he continues, he paces a bit and she takes advantage of the self-distraction to circle around him and shuck off her cart's harness.*)

Hitch: Listen. I know that you have come up with some harebrained scheme to sabotage it. And if you think I'm just gonna let you walk in there—
Sunny: (*under end of previous, singsong*) Hey, Hi-i-i-itch…
Hitch: (*sternly*) No.
Sunny: Come on. (*Two mares, Dahlia and Mayflower, pass them.*)
Mayflower: Good morning, Sheriff Hitch!
Hitch: Morning, Mayflower, Dahlia. (*Chuckle, after which he turns back to Sunny, all business.*) Sunny, I'm on duty!

(*Still smiling silently, she lifts a skate-clad front hoof and wiggles it; he copies the gesture with a groan and follows her reluctantly in word and deed.*)

Sunny, Hitch: Up high, down low, hitch it to a post,
Flip it sunny side up and on a piece of toast!

(*Accompanied by the following. Touch the raised hooves together; lower them and touch again; he switches forelegs and rests his hoof beneath hers; mime flipping a pancake; she claps her hoof onto his so that her skate wheels are parallel to the ground. The routine finished, she glides through a playful nudge and giggly arc and stops facing him.*)

Hitch: Okay? (*Sprout, now about to collapse from lack of oxygen, stumbles up and leans against the sign.*)
Sprout: I did what you asked for, Hitch. She never left my sight. Not even once.
Sunny: Oh, hey, Sprout. You okay? You seem kinda wheezy.
Sprout: (*regaining his wind*) That's *Deputy* Sprout to you. (*Sunny skates away.*)
Hitch: Hey, w-wait up! I'm not finished!

(*Close-up of the animal "squad" on the end of this; they begin to waddle/scuttle after her.*)

Hitch: (*from o.s.*) Sunny! (*Back to him, pivoting to stop her.*) Sunny, we both know how this goes. Every year you try to sneak in, and every year I stop you. (*Sprout eyes her.*)
Sunny: Look, you have nothing to worry about. I'll just go into the factory, deliver my smoothies, and—
Sprout: Ah-ah-ah! You can't even step a hoof in there. My mom had you banned.
Sunny: But I—

Hitch: (*sighing*) I'm asking you as your friend, Sunny, not as Sheriff. Just *please* try not to pull any stunts today?
Sunny: Okay, okay. I'll try.
Hitch: Thank you. Now, give your delivery to Sprout and *go home.*

(*A passerby drops a wad of paper litter on the ground.*)

Hitch: (*galloping after him/her*) Hey, hey! That's a violation of Code Thirty-Three!

(*Seeing the avian/crustacean entourage join the chase, Sunny turns toward the entrance to the Cantrlogic grounds but is brought up short by Sprout standing smugly in her way.*)

Sprout: Buh-bye.

(*She rolls her eyes disgustedly and wheels slowly back the way she came, accompanied by his unfriendly chuckle. Hitching up to her cart, he starts up the hill toward the Canterlogic facility; as a result, he does not see her backpedal into view and throw a squint-eyed smirk over her shoulder toward the place.*)

(*Cut to inside, the camera positioned on the busy production floor and near a doorway leading into it from the entrance hall. While hauling the cart in, Sprout nearly collides with the filly to whom Sunny gave the balloon unicorn; she no longer has it, but is laughing up a storm.*)

Sprout: Hey, watch it!

(*Pan to a portly stallion, Toots, off to one side; he greets the newcomers, with a bunch of Canterlogic balloons anchored to a holder within easy reach. Light blue-green coat with a paler shade on legs, belly, and blaze; brown eyes; dark blond mane/tail with matching eyebrows; blue-gray hooves. He wears a necktie and shirt collar with a clip-in identification badge.*)

Toots: Welcome, everypony! Got any questions about the Canterlogic factory? Happy to answer them.

(*The pan continues past him, following a hard-hattted employee and the flatbed cart he is pushing; a clamp picks up the box resting on this and reels it into the upper reaches.*)

Stallion: (*from o.s.*) Oh, yeah! Uh, where are the free smoothies?
Toots: (*now o.s.*) Uh, I can't answer that.

(*The cargo is dropped into a gondola hooked to an overhead conveyor and taken away as another box is brought down on a clamp. Now standing by a whiteboard crowded with sketches, Hitch surveys the activities with a contented sigh that is echoed by his three critters, and Sprout crosses to them and lets go of Sunny's cart. Zoom in.*)

Hitch: You know what, Sprout? I think I finally got through to Sunny.

(*All the lights go out except for a fringe thrown into view by an o.s. spotlight; the camera swivels quickly to a stage illuminated by roving spots and marked by a runway that juts out into the crowd. A stallion announcer's voice is broadcast over the sound system as ponies start to gather in closer.*)

Announcer: It's the moment you've all been waiting for. As the founder of Canterlogic, she's been keeping us safe and stylish for the last twenty moons. Please, go wild for the one and only…*Phyllis Cloverleaf!*

(*On the end of this, pink lasers trace out the company logo on the stage's closed curtains and Phyllis trots into view from the wings, a spotlight following. The crowd voices its profuse adulation as the camera zooms in on her. She has traded her single pearl for a complete strand of them, plus matching earrings, and is wearing an ID badge on a lanyard around her neck.*)

Phyllis: Thank you! Thank you! Oh, hey, how are you? Thank you so much! (*A hush falls.*) We here at Canterlogic are so thrilled to create perfect products that protect ponies like you… (*pointing to one side; sudden hard tone*) …from ponies like *that!*

(*As she finishes, the camera pans quickly to a pair of hanging banners. One has the same looming-pegasus design as the one Sunny redecorated during her song; the other presents a trio of glaring unicorn-head silhouettes bearing down on an earth pony, horns leveled and ready to strike. A plethora of boos floats up from the o.s. audience; back to her.*)

Phyllis: And like I always say, "To be scared is…"
Audience: "…to be prepared!"
Phyllis: Oh, I love it! That's right! (*To the crowd and back on the following.*) So let's start the show!
Spectator: (*under previous*) Yahoo!

(*Pan away from her to a mare who has emerged onto the stage, wearing a metal skullcap with an upward-protruding antenna. She blows her forelock out of her eyes in a bored manner and begins to trot as a thumping electronic dance beat starts up.*)

Phyllis: (*from o.s.*) Up first, we have Sugar Moonlight, looking absolutely stunning in our high-tech Anti-Mindreading Hat. All those psychic unicorns out there are gonna be outta luck when you wear this little number.

(*During this line, the camera cuts first to the runway as Sugar Moonlight advances along it, framing Phyllis and another pony wearing what appears to be a periscope wide enough to accommodate both eyes. Sugar strikes a series of poses, after which the camera cuts to Hitch and Sprout looking on from the factory floor as Phyllis finishes, Hitch bobbing his head to the beat and Sprout swigging away at a smoothie. The next shot frames Sugar leaving the runway as the second model, a stallion, begins to strut his stuff. On the next line, the camera swivels to follow him and bring Phyllis into view.*)

Phyllis: Now let's welcome Sparkle Chaser, in his Pega-Periscope Goggles!

(*Pointed up by a brief forward flip of his head so that the lenses at the top end can be seen.*)

Phyllis: The easy way to keep your eye on the sky!

(*But not on the floor, apparently, as Sparkle Chaser takes one step too many and pitches off the end of the runway. Tilt down quickly to frame him sprawled on the floor amid the gobsmacked attendees.*)

Phyllis: (*from o.s.*) Oh! (*Chuckle; back to her.*) It's all part of the show!

(*Now another stallion takes the walk, a box strapped to his back.*)

Phyllis: Next up, the Earth Pony Balloon Escape Pack!

(*A pull at a ripcord causes the container to open and deploy an attached bunch of balloons, which do an admirable job of lifting him clear of the stage. A chance air current sweeps him considerably higher than expected and toward an open window; yelping in fear, he grabs frantically at the frame but gets pulled through and out of sight.*)

Hitch: Yikes. That's gonna be a lot of paperwork. (*The background music fades away.*)
Phyllis: We take great care here at Canterlogic to ensure the safety of you, our loyal customers. (*Cut to some of them.*)
Audience: Awww… (*Back to Phyllis on the next line.*)
Phyllis: Now please, stand back. (*They retreat one step.*) This product testing demonstration is fully automated.

(*On the end of this, cut to Toots and Sweets, a coworker mare dressed in the same fashion as him, at a control panel off to one side. Light pink coat fading to a lighter hue over deeper pink hooves; two-tone electric pink mane/tail, the former tied in a ponytail and standing up from the back of her head; deep green eyes with brows that match the darker portions of her mane. Sweets presses a button; when the camera cuts back to the stage, the curtains have been fully opened and lights blaze up to reveal an earth-pony crash test dummy standing on a platform. Behind and to either side of it are blank white walls decorated only with hash marks and burn/explosion smudges, marking this as a testing ground for prototype devices. A wall of transparent glass panels separates the area from the rest of the stage.*)

(*Sunny bounds up into view and knocks the dummy aside to take its place, having shed her saddlebag, skates, and helmet for an updated version of the cardboard horn and wings she wore while playing as a filly. Stunned gasps all around, including Phyllis and then Hitch, and Sprout spits out the mouthful he has been drinking. The party crasher whips out a picket sign on a stick and proudly holds it aloft—a horseshoe, horn, and pair of wings in an interlocking design on a backdrop of stars and pastel rainbow colors.*)

Sunny: Earth ponies of Maretime Bay! Fear is not your friend! But the unicorns and pegasi *can* be! Let's extend the hoof of friendship!

(*In a set of motions almost too fast to follow, two pairs of steel clamps pop up from the platform and three of these secure themselves to the hooves not holding the sign.*)

Sunny: Wh—? That is *not* what I meant.
Phyllis: (*from o.s., under her breath*) Turn it off! (*Cut to her.*) Turn it off, turn it off!

(*Sweets hammers in vain at the button, while Sunny has just as much luck trying to wrench herself free.*)

Phyllis: (*forcing a laugh*) So, now you can prevent an aerial abduction with a set of our new Anti-Pega-Lift Boots!
Sunny: (*under end of previous*) Peace with pegasi!

(*These two lines are accompanied by a brief tilt up that puts them both out of view; a hatch opens in the ceiling, allowing a large clamp decorated with stylized wings and head to drop toward Sunny and pluck her fake pair away.*)

Sunny: (*trying to duck*) Oh! Unity with— (*A second one yanks her horn off.*) —oh!—unicorns!

(*Back to Toots and Sweets on the end of this, still having no luck shutting the system down.*)

Sweets: Uh…uh…

(*Up onstage, the hapless activist has resorted to beating the clamps back with her sign.*)

Sunny: Stop it! (*It is yanked from her grip…*) Whoa! Hey! Gimme that back! (*…and then thrown down to bounce off her head.*) Ouch!
Hitch: (*groaning, moving toward stage*) Sunny…
Sunny: Peace with…

(*Released from the platform, she is unceremoniously seized around the midsection by a third clamp and dragged several feet into the air. Her perch flips 180 degrees to expose a square target panel marked with a red X inside a circle.*)

Sunny: …pegasi! (*She repeats her two slogans under the next line.*)
Phyllis: (*stammering badly*) Uh, everypony, take a look at our Unicorn Entrapment Device!

(*Back to the test site on the end of this. A horned helmet is clapped onto Sunny's brain bucket, she is dropped onto the target with a yell, and reinforced panels spring up from the floor around its perimeter to pen her in. Two flaps unfold and slam down around the horn to immobilize it,*

activating a built-in alarm and red strobe light. Now Hitch races up to the pair pounding away at the control panel.)

Hitch: Toots, Sweets, shut 'er down! Sheriff's orders!
Toots: W-We're trying!
Sweets: "Fully automated" means it has to go through the whole cycle!

(*The Unicorn Entrapment Device swiftly disassembles itself, whereupon another mechanism rams a pair of metal wings onto Sunny's flanks, causing her to gasp in fright. The target panel under her hooves rotates 90 degrees so that she faces a heavy steel door, which hisses open to let a new contraption roll into view on a set of miniature tank treads. It consists of a central pole with a tank of greenish liquid mounted on one side and a vertically mounted wheel on the other, with six cups at the ends of radial shafts.*)

Sunny: Oh, no!

(*As she is yanked screaming into the air, the wheel begins to spin at insane RPM's and launch globs of the tank's contents, fed to the cups by an internal dispenser. She shouts out her slogans while being slung in a wide circle, taking one hit after another. Cut to the audience trying to follow the action, then to the stage on the start of the next line.*)

Phyllis: (*stammering*) Uh, and this is the Splat-a-Pult! (*Cut briefly to Sunny's perspective and then to her on the next line.*)
Sunny: (*yelling, voice wavering*) CEASE FIRE!! (*She is hit in the face; cut to the audience.*)
Audience: (*wincing*) Ooh! (*Hitch spots a power cord plugged into a wall socket.*)
Phyllis: (*from o.s.*) Let's hear it, everypony! Come on!

(*One solid yank is all it takes to dislodge the plug and shut down the whole works. The Splat-a-Pult winds to a stop, Sunny falls loose with a yell and lands hard on her haunches, sliding forward to knock one of the glass panels out of place. She skids ignominiously to a stop at the end of the runway, leaving smears of vivid green glop every inch of the way and prompting a shocked gasp from every equine within eyeshot. Heaving for breath, she gets upright after a moment; zoom in slowly on her.*)

Sunny: Aren't you tired of being scared all the time? The truth is, we're not in danger. It's all a lie. We don't need any of this Canterlogic junk. (*Hitch is now onstage with Phyllis.*)
Phyllis: (*indignantly*) Oh, we don't, do we? (*stepping toward her*) How do *you* suggest that we defend ourselves? With hugs and cupcakes? (*Mocking laughter from the crowd.*)
Sunny: Just imagine. (*Cut to a couple of foals as she continues.*) If you had a friend who could fly— (*They smile; back to her.*) —or a friend who could— (*To Phyllis on the next line.*)
Phyllis: —fry your brains with a single horn zap, or swoop down and snatch you away?

(*The foals on this last; they cringe and clutch at their mother in time with a collective gasp.*)

Phyllis: Sheriff, do your job.

Hitch: (*advancing toward Sunny*) All right, Sunny. Let's go.
Sunny: No! Everypony needs to hear this! Everything you believe about pegasi and unicorns is wrong! They used to be our friends, and can be again!
Stallion voice 1: Hey, we don't need any of that around here! (*Booing from all sides.*)
Mare voice 1: Get off the stage!
Hitch: (*softly*) Come on, let's go. Show's over, Sunny. (*She reluctantly follows him back along the runway.*)
Stallion voice 2: Sunny, you're just embarrassing yourself!
Phyllis: It's quite sad, really. (*brightly*) Now, where were we? (*Chuckle.*)

(*Cut to the interior of the smoothie stand from which Sunny loaded up for her earlier deliveries, the camera aimed out the open serving window. Gloomy of face, clean of body, and wearing her saddlebag instead of the metal Canterlogic accessories, she stands outside and pulls a shade down over the window as Hitch plods up; cut to him.*)

Hitch: Do you have any idea how many bylaws you broke in there?
Sunny: (*snarky*) I'm sure you're about to tell me.
Hitch: Actually, for once I can't, 'cause there's so many! (*She boots a side panel to close it up; he sighs.*) I tried to warn you. I can't keep associating with somepony who breaks every rule and causes chaos wherever she goes. I'm the Sheriff!

(*Close-up of him on the end of this, then cut to frame both on the start of the next line.*)

Sunny: Exactly! Other ponies look up to you! You could help!
Hitch: (*sighing heavily*) The law is the law, Sunny, and I'm here to uphold it and keep everypony safe.
Sunny: Aha! You just said "everypony." That includes pegasi and unicorns.
Hitch: Come on, Sunny, what did you think was gonna happen? You give a little speech, and what? Everypony just magically welcomes unicorns and pegasi into Maretime Bay? You keep saying there's nothing to be afraid of? Well, then, prove it!

(*The idealistic mare has no immediate response to this challenge; Hitch breaks the silence with a gentle, resigned sigh.*)

Hitch: All of that "pony unity" stuff was just a foals' bedtime story made up by your dad. Like it or not, this is the way it is, and always will be. (*Pause.*) I'm the last real friend you got in this town. You really want to lose me too?

(*Sunny deflates with a quiet exhalation of her own, and Hitch takes his leave of her, the camera cutting briefly to an overhead shot and slow zoom out from the two ponies and their lengthening shadows. Back at ground level, she morosely regards one laughing foal chasing another around a corner and down the block. They stop to stare at a Canterlogic anti-pegasus poster, rear up with a playful growl, and dart back past Sunny to resume their game. She can only gaze brokenheartedly after them and sit down on a nearby curb to ponder the utter shambles that this day has become.*)

Sunny: (*voice breaking*) I wish you were here, Dad.

(*The placid waters and the puffy clouds in the serene blue sky have no advice to offer her as she stares out past the railing. After some seconds, her deep blue funk is interrupted by the growing sound of galloping hooves; their owner races into view, stops for only a moment to catch his breath, and is gone again with a panicked cry. Another barrels past, screaming at the top of her lungs, and now Sunny snaps all the way back to the present.*)

Sunny: What the—?

(*She finds a full-tilt stampede coming her way, the participants moving at top speed and scared out of their wits, and stands up off the curb.*)

Sunny: What's going on? What's happening?

(*A stallion collides with her, spinning her in place and dumping her flat, but pays no mind as he makes good his escape. Cut to an overhead shot of a bridge over a street; an immense shadow topped by a mad tangle of tentacle-like projections begins to advance into view beneath the span. One mare shrieks and flees before its approach, and a bird standing in the thoroughfare cheeps in fright and keels over. The proprietor of an ice cream stand and a customer are next to freak out, followed by a trolley conductor who yanks the car's brake lever as hard as she can to trigger a screeching, sparking deceleration. Sunny's head begins to clear as the shadow casts itself over her, and she looks up and pulls in a lung-bursting gasp of purest shock.*)

(*Cut to her blurry perspective of the source, the image clearing as it speaks. It is a pinkish-violet unicorn mare with a bright blue mane, worn in untidy waves and much longer on the right side of her head than on the left. Her eyes are magenta with purple brows, and her horn is pale blue. This is Izzy Moonbow, whose bubbly voice is a perfect match for the grin splitting her face.*)

Izzy: Hi, new friend! My name's Izzy.

(*The tip of her horn catches the sunlight in the briefest twinkle, after which the camera cuts to both in profile and Sunny slowly stands to gape at the appendage. The left side of Izzy's mane hangs slightly past her shoulders, and this angle picks out a string of beads threaded through it that is hidden from the front by her forelock.*)

Sunny: Y…y-y-y… (*beaming*) *…unicorn!*

(*Zoom out quickly to frame a knot of onlookers, who snap out of their fear-induced paralysis with a fresh round of yells and bugging out. Vendors hastily close up shop, and one fellow dives into a manhole for shelter, the cover knocked away during his plunge and then settling itself back in place. Now Sunny and Izzy are seen in a longer shot that frames a beaded bracelet on the latter's left foreleg. The right side of her mane reaches nearly to the ground and her deep blue*

hooves, and her tail is also long and somewhat messy. Mane and tail are now clearly seen fading to blue-violet near their ends.)

Izzy: Ooh! Is everypony playing hide-and-seek? (*calling across street*) I see you!

(*She has spotted a stallion trying to hide behind Sunny's smoothie stand; he screams in terror at being spotted.*)

Hiding stallion: It's a unicorn!

(*Over the railing he goes, sending up a very loud and very visible splash when he hits the water. Hitch and Sprout emerge from a building to survey the rapidly spreading chaos.*)

Hitch: Hey, what's going on?

(*He gasps sharply, the camera cutting to a long shot of the newly arrived unicorn and zooming in quickly to a close-up before it tilts up to her horn.*)

Hitch: UNICORN ATTAAAAACK!!

(*The red deputy cries out and tries to dart back into the building, only to run flat into the now-closed front door and knock himself unconscious. On the wall next to it is a red button protected by a transparent panel in the manner of a fire alarm pull. The Sheriff drives a hoof through the panel and hits the button; tilt up to an alarm bell placed above this as it begins to shrill.*)

Hitch: (*from o.s.*) THIS IS NOT A DRILL!! (*Back to him.*) I REPEAT, THIS IS NOT A DRILL!!

(*He stalks resolutely into the fray, while Sprout comes to and bolts away with a yell. A gasp from Hitch is followed by a cut to a colt rooted to the sidewalk with fear amid the pelting pell-mell.*)

Hitch: (*now galloping*) A vulnerable young pony!

(*A nimble leap over a cluster of barrels brings him to the scene so he can snatch the youth up in a rolling tackle.*)

Hitch: Gotcha! (*He passes the colt off to a nearby mare…*) Your son is safe now, ma'am. (*…and gallops away.*)
Mare: (*calling after him*) This isn't my kid!
Hitch: (*now o.s.*) You're welcome! (*Cut to him, skidding to a stop.*) Man the Splatter-Pult [*sic*]! Activate the unicorn trap! (*A wadded paper ball lands nearby.*) Pick up that litter!

(*One resident is quick to scoop it up. Now sections of the roadbed slide open to expose target panels, marked as for the one in the Unicorn Entrapment Device demonstration. The camera*

follows their deployment and stops on Sunny, who gasps as the memory of their operation surges through her brain.)

Izzy: (*from o.s.*) Wow… (*Cut to behind her, trotting toward the railing.*) …is that the sea?

(*She pays no mind to the target popping up directly in her path as the camera shifts to a head-on view.*)

Izzy: I've never seen the sea!

(*Sunny charges up and rams her broadside an instant before the device goes off and the heavy walls snap upward to block both from view. Cut to them; the earth pony has managed to stop the cheerfully oblivious unicorn just short of being caught, and the alarm and red strobe on the empty trap are going off. Sunny heaves Izzy back from the spot.*)

Sunny: I've gotta get you out of here! (*She gallops along a side street, Izzy following.*)
Izzy: (*laughing*) Earth ponies are serious about games.
Sunny: They're not playing! They're terrified! (*Long overhead shot.*)
Izzy: Oh, no! (*Zoom in quickly.*) Of what?
Sunny: You! (*Street level.*) You're a unicorn! Earth ponies hate unicorns!
Izzy: Really? That seems a little harsh.

(*Emerging onto the main road, they slam on the brakes with frightened yelps and thus barely avoid being nailed by a barrage from a pair of Splat-a-Pults at the top of an adjoining hill. Green gobbets decorate the street as the camera zooms in quickly to frame Toots and Sweets working the artillery by means of cranks, with Phyllis directing them and wearing an Anti-Mindreading Hat.*)

Sunny: Let's go!

(*They head for an alley across the street, but are forced to change plans when one shot misses them by a hair, knocking over a barrel and spooking the pony who had been hiding behind it. As they take off in a new direction, Izzy finds a bit of humor in seeing a stallion get hit in the face. The fleeing mares take cover behind a stopped, abandoned trolley for a moment, then bolt when the opportunity presents itself. As the camera pans to follow them past the outskirts of the Canterlogic grounds, one Splat-a-Pult shot smacks into the lens and nearly topples it.*)

(*An instant later, the view is clear again and Sunny and Izzy are racing past the shoreline. Sunny nimbly bobs and weaves past all the targets on the sidewalk, while a happily humming Izzy bounces after her as if playing hopscotch.*)

Izzy: Whee!

(*A glance back over Sunny's shoulder, and she slides to a halt with a gasp. She is met with the sight of Izzy standing in the middle of an unusually quiet street and gazing up at a movie theater*

marquee. Off to one side is the building from which Hitch and Sprout emerged; above its door is a large gold copy of Hitch's badge, marking it as his headquarters.)

Izzy: Ooh, I haven't seen this one yet!

(*During this line, the camera cuts briefly to the marquee—advertising the film Judgment Neigh—and then tilts back down to her. The words are barely out of her mouth when a Unicorn Entrapment Device fires off under her hooves and catches her. Sunny gasps in terror as the strobe flashes and the alarm blares; she hurries toward the site as Hitch steps up. During this sequence, Izzy's cutie mark is seen clearly for the first time—a heart-shaped blue pincushion marked by a button and pierced by three pins.*)

Hitch: All right, citizens, calm down. (*The alarm stops.*) The threat has been neutralized; the unicorn has been captured. You may now cheer.

(*Which the locals do in force as they peek out from hiding places high and low. Sunny glances uneasily at the display and takes a tentative step toward the trap.*)

Hitch: (*sternly*) Sunny!

(*She freezes briefly, but gathers her nerve and continues her approach.*)

Hitch: What are you doing?

(*Now only a few feet away, she eyes a glowing red button set into one wall.*)

Hitch: Don't even think about it!

(*Her expression hardening, she inches a hoof ever closer toward the control.*)

Hitch: Don't—don't you dare. (*Cut to her; he continues o.s.*) No, no, no, no, no, no! (*Press.*) Sunny!

(*The trap dismantles itself in a blink to leave Izzy none the worse for the experience.*)

Izzy: So, your name's Sunny?

(*A round of gasps from the spectators forms the prelude to one wildly disorganized mass evacuation, in which more than a few ponies manage to trap themselves by failing to mind their step. Sunny pulls Izzy off the target on which she is still standing, and the two hit the gas.*)

Izzy: (*calling over shoulder*) Bye! It was nice to meet you all! (*Now Sprout returns, standing alongside Hitch.*)
Hitch: (*pointing ahead of himself*) Deputy, to the lighthouse!
Sprout: (*uneasily*) Um…

(*He takes one step to his right, planting himself on a trigger plate and getting crated up.*)

Sprout: (*from inside, woodenly*) Oh, no! I appear to be trapped!
Hitch: (*groaning, under his breath*) You gotta be kiddng me.

(*Cut to a long shot of the lighthouse as Sunny and Izzy hurtle toward it, then to just inside the front door. Izzy is first to open it and rush through, followed by Sunny who closes it. The picture of herself and Argyle slips out of level, but she nips back to straighten it and then goes to work closing the window curtains. The out-of-towner, though, just gazes around the living space in deepest wonder. Once every sightline is blocked off, Sunny takes a good long look at her from the hooves up and begins to calm down just a fraction.*)

Izzy: (*ominously, but smiling*) Do earth ponies also like staring contests?

(*She scrunches up her face in concentration and leans in to fix Sunny with the most intense point-blank gaze she can muster, humming a single note all the while. The effort lasts perhaps three seconds before she blinks and backs off.*)

Izzy: Ah! You win. I blinked. (*She resumes her survey of the place.*)
Sunny: (*to herself*) There's a unicorn in my house. (*excitedly*) This is so cool! (*worriedly*) Wait, no, it's bad. Very, very bad. What have I done?

(*The answer, apparently, is "let her fool around with the telescope in the living room." Izzy is peering through the eyepiece; cut to her slightly distorted perspective, panning to frame Sunny, on the next line.*)

Izzy: (*awestruck*) Woooow. I've never seen an earth pony before. (*Back to her, standing up from the instrument.*) We look exactly the same! (*pointing to her horn*) Except for this, of course.

(*She inclines her head toward Sunny, who ducks to stay well clear of it.*)

Sunny: Whoa, hey! (*nudging it aside*) Be careful where you point that thing.
Izzy: Why?
Sunny: (*standing*) Well, I, uh, um, sorta don't want to get zapped with a wayward laser beam. (*laughing weakly*) But of course, you know that already. You've probably been reading my mind this whole time. Isn't it supposed to glow, by the way, or does that only happen when you levitate stuff? (*Her perspective of Izzy.*)
Izzy: Well, actually— (*Sheepish chuckle.*)
Sunny: Wait! (*Cut to frame both again.*) Don't answer that yet. (*galloping to kitchen*) Let me get my notebook!

(*She pivots to stand behind its central island countertop.*)

Sunny: (*shoving cans aside, opening journal, flipping pages*) Okay, wow, okay. (*reading*) "A Hundred Forty-Two Questions for a Unicorn. Question number one: Where do you live?"
Izzy: Bridlewood.
Sunny: I knew it! (*reading, rapid fire*) "Do unicorns really live in trees? Do they eat pizza? If so, what toppings do they like? If not, why not? Can you actually fry pony brains with a single horn zap?" (*Gasp; knock a can off the island.*) Can you make this float? (*It rolls to a stop at Izzy's hooves.*)
Izzy: No…but I can do *this!*

(*One pinkish-violet foreleg flips it into the air, whereupon she keeps it aloft by bouncing one end off the tip of her horn so that it always remains upright. The last strike sends it tumbling end-over-end to the floor, its contents—baked beans—splatting down to the hardwood and cushioning the now-empty can when it hits. The end has been cut around its edge and pried up as neatly as any can opener might have done.*)

Izzy: Ta-da! (*Sunny's face falls at the demonstration.*)
Sunny: Wait. You don't have any magic?
Hitch: (*from outside, amplified*) Sunny Starscout! (*Feedback squeal, then a groan of discuomfort.*) That hurt.

(*Surprised, she turns toward the window; cut to Hitch and Sprout on the lawn outside, the former speaking into a pole-mounted bullhorn and the latter wearing an Anti-Mindreading Hat.*)

Hitch: (*clearing throat*) Sunny Starscout, I know you're in there with that unicorn! Come out with your hooves up and surrender!
Sprout: Yeah, you're completely surrounded!

(*The boss gives him a funny look, and a long shot reveals that there is not another living equine soul anywhere near the place.*)

Hitch: (*to him*) Will you let me do my job? (*Cut to Sunny; he is heard amplified from outside.*) You are under arrest!
Sunny: This is bad. (*to Izzy*) How sneaky are you? (*The unicorn is now by the front door.*)
Izzy: Uh…medium sneaky?
Sunny: I can work with that. Okay, I'll distract them. (*Cut to Izzy.*)
Izzy: Oh, pfffft! Relax! I'll talk to them. (*She opens the door.*)
Sunny: (*from o.s.*) What? (*Back to her.*) N-no, no! (*Cut to just outside; Izzy steps out.*)
Izzy: Hi, guys! Now I know what you're thinking. (*Sprout cries out and clutches at Hitch.*)
Sprout: She's already reading our minds! (*galloping away*) Quick, before she fries our brains!
Hitch: Wh—what are you doing? Where are you going?
Sprout: (*now o.s., distant*) To get reinforcements!

(*The mare of the house seizes the chance and dives across the lawn, dragging Izzy out of sight with her.*)

Hitch: (*puzzled*) We have reinforcements? (*He turns back toward the lighthouse and finds himself alone.*) Huh? Aw, come on!

Act Two

(*Cut to a "Now Leaving Maretime Bay" sign posted by a dirt trail. Sunny and Izzy gallop into view and past it toward the meadows beyond the town proper.*)

Sunny: You don't have any magic?
Izzy: Nope.

(*Sunny stops short with a frustrated groan and plops onto her haunches, her mind blown.*)

Sunny: No magic? (*Izzy has now circled back to her.*)
Izzy: Oh, but if it makes you feel any better, we *did* have it. But that was many, many, *many* moons ago. It just—*poof!*—disappeared. Everypony thinks the pesky pegasi had something to do with it, but…

(*As the full weight of her own words sinks in, she focuses on Sunny again.*)

Izzy: …oh. Oh! Hey, you look kinda woozy. You okay?
Sunny: (*sighing, standing*) I am on the run with a unicorn who has no magic. What are we gonna do?

(*Said unicorn takes a deep sniff from the air in Sunny's immediate vicinity and lets a smile creep across her face.*)

Sunny: (*slightly unnerved*) What are you doing?
Izzy: You don't smell.
Sunny: Thanks. (*bewildered*) Wait, what?
Izzy: I was told all you earth ponies smell like rotten sardines, but *you* do not. Hm. (*She begins to follow a butterfly flitting around the pair.*)
Sunny: What else do unicorns say about earth ponies?
Izzy: Oh, just that you're lazy and not the brightest crystals in the forest.
Sunny: (*dryly*) Charming.
Izzy: Nope, just those three. (*The insect departs.*) So, what's the plan?

(*The gears turn under the magenta braid for a moment before inspiration strikes.*)

Sunny: Wait! I got it! Izzy, we're going on a quest—to Zephyr Heights!

(*On the end of this, she fishes her journal from her saddlebag and drops it to the ground, the camera cutting to a close-up of a taped-in map. The locations of Maretime Bay, Bridlewood, and Zephyr Heights stand out; the second of these is a forest, while the third is a tall, cloud-topped*

mountain. Of the three, only Maretime Bay does not have its name written in. Clipped to one end of the map is a star chart notated with question marks. Back to the two mares.)

Izzy: The pegasus city?
Sunny: Yes! We need to find out what happened to your magic and bring it back. *They* have magic. Maybe they can help.
Izzy: (*shuddering*) But the pegasi are bad news.
Sunny: What if you're wrong about them? Earth ponies were wrong about unicorns. They could welcome us with open wings.
Izzy: But what if they don/t?

Melody of sustained electric guitar/synthesizer chords with bass and light percussion
Moderate 4 (D flat major)

(*She advances onto a promontory and trains her eyes on the hills and mountains at the horizon, the camera tracking around her in a circle.*)

Izzy: Up ahead is a sky growing dark
Where it leads is a big question mark
And I'm scared that I'll end up
A pony gone missing from pegasus-ing

Guitar out; strings in

(*Sunny steps up alongside her.*)

Sunny: But you're not alone
You got a pony in your crew
(*She eases ahead and down the rock face.*)
Izzy: I do? Who?

Stoptime; percussion continues in the breaks

(*She follows her friend down, and the two come out trotting through the grassland, Izzy fascinated by a butterfly arcing past them.*)

Sunny: I'm looking out for you
(*She puts out a foreleg to hold Izzy back; a longer shot reveals a cliff directly in front of them.*)
When you're off track
I got your back
You can rely on me, I'm looking out for you

Stoptime ends; strings out; guitar/synth in; upbeat melody

(*Giving Izzy a friendly bump, Sunny leads her in leaping from one rock to another.*)

Sunny: Back at home it was “earth ponies first”
Heard it so many times I could burst
And I fought for a change
But it’s lonely ’cause, you know, party of *uno*

Guitar out; strings in

(*Close-up of her reflection in a puddle, swiftly joined by Izzy’s, her mood instantly lifts and they touch front hooves.*)

Izzy: Well, if you need
A friendly steed like you-know-who
Sunny: I think I do

Horns in (G flat major)

(*They briefly consult Sunny’s journal, prompting Izzy to point confidently in a certain direction despite the fact that the book is upside down. Sunny gives her an odd look, flips it the right way around, and leads her the other way.*)

Sunny, Izzy: I’m looking out for you [I’m looking out]
Sunny: When you’re off track [When you’re off track]
(*Izzy begins to chase the butterfly again.*)
I got your back [I got your back]
(*Sunny persuades her to let it be and come with her. Close-up of the earth pony, zooming out to frame the unicorn balanced on her back and nudging an apple to fall off a tree branch for Sunny to catch.*)
Sunny, Izzy: You can rely on me, I’m looking out for you [I’m looking out]
(*Close-up; Sunny shades her eyes and squints into the distance.*)
Sunny: Lost in the hills [Lost in the hills]
(*Zoom out quickly; Izzy is trotting excitedly in place and scoping out an angle of her own.*)
Izzy: I’ve got the skills [I’ve got the skills]
Pony, let’s get going
Sunny: Get going
Izzy: Get going
(*A series of cuts follows their galloping sojourn through one milieu after another: sun-drenched forest, flowering plains, grassy stretch under a star-filled night sky.*)
Sunny, Izzy: I’m looking out
(*They hold their last word over the next three lines.*)
[I’m looking out for you]
[I’ll go where you’re going to]
[It’s all that I want to do]
[I am looking out]

A cappella

(*They stop on a ridge, facing a moonlit mountain whose summit disappears into the cloud cover.*)

Sunny, Izzy: For you

Song ends with a stinger

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Hitch's three-critter "squad," all sleeping soundly atop the badge-shaped sign mounted above the front entrance to his office, and zoom out. Lights glow through the shades pulled down on doors and windows.*)

[*Animation goof: The emergency button and alarm bell are missing from the wall by the doors.*]

Hitch: (*from inside*) I told her. I told her.

(*Inside, he paces the floor as Sprout, seated at a desk, turns his attention to a pizza box. The usual accoutrements of a police station are present, including file cabinets, shelves loaded with binders, and a holding cell. Sprout's desk has a nameplate made from a sheet of paper folded over and marked with the word "DEPOOTY.." He has done away with the Anti-Mindreading Hat he wore during the pair's "raid" on the lighthouse.*)

Hitch: No more favors, no more bailing her out. She gave me no choice. No choice! All right, we need to arrest her and bring her back to face the full force of the law.

(*His subordinate has now extracted a slice from the box and pauses his efforts to take a bite without dropping it.*)

Sprout: Question. When you say "we," you mean…
Hitch: You and I.

(*Those three words startle Sprout into letting the wedge of greasy, cheesy goodness splat onto the desk.*)

Sprout: I-I'd…I'd love to, but, um… (*smearing pizza around like a dust cloth*) …I-I just gotta clean up my workspace. (*Knock a stack of papers to the floor.*) Get my papers in order and, um…

(*Hitch is buying exactly none of this, judging from his flat look and cocked eyebrow. With no warning, he shifts to an indulgent smile.*)

Hitch: You know what? I think you're right. This one's a job for Hitch and Hitch only. (*A toss of the head and a gleaming smile; Sprout sighs in relief.*) All right, Sprout.

(*He bucks the doors open as the deputy circles out from behind his desk.*)

Hitch: You stay here while I'm out dancing with danger. Keep everypony calm, maintain the peace. (*exiting*) Be a pillar of strength— (*sighing wearily*) —who am I kidding? Just try not to start a war while I'm gone, okay?

(*He utterly fails to pick up on Sprout's resentful glare as the doors slam shut.*)

Sprout: Oh, everpony *looooves* Hitch! What does he have anyway? Sure he's got a perfect mane, shredded abs, paid-off mortgage… so what? I've got stuff.

(*This list is punctuated by pages being ripped off a wall calendar, each depicting Hitch in the same pose but different outfits—police officer, firefighter, construction worker, sailor.*)

Sprout: I can do…um…things. (*pulling calendar down*) Like that! (*closing an open file cabinet drawer*) And that! (*Another one immediately opens; he bucks it closed.*) And that!

(*The first one opens again; he voices a frustrated snarl and is about to put hooves to it when a visibly flustered Phyllis barges into the office. She is no longer wearing the Anti-Mindreading Hat she used while directing the Splat-a-Pult defense against Izzy's "rampage."*)

Phyllis: Where's Hitch? Ponies all over town are terrified! They want answers!
Sprout: (*sourly*) He went after Sunny. Another solo Hitch mission.
Phyllis: (*gently, lifting his chin*) Sugar cube, why the Sprout pout? That's great news.
Sprout: It is?
Phyllis: Yes! It means that *you are the Sheriff*—at least for now.

(*During this line, the camera cuts to a close-up of a brass replica of Hitch's badge that had been attached to the calendar, knocked loose when Sprout yanked it off the wall. Phyllis picks it up; cut to frame both as she finishes speaking and attaches it to his sash. Her words prompt a gasp from her son as they percolate down through the blond mane.*)

Sprout: I am! (*addressing an imaginary civilian*) "Hey there. The name's Sprout. Sheriff Sprout. What's the problem, filly? Don't worry, Sheriff Sprout is here." (*fiercely, pointing*) "Pick up that litter! Sheriff Sprout's orders!"

(*Mother and son smile approvingly to one another. Cut to Sunny and Izzy traveling along the bottom of a misty ravine during the following day. Their voices echo slightly in this space.*)

Izzy: You know, not to freak you out or anything, but you *do* know pegasi can steal your luminescence, don't you?
Sunny: My lumi—what?
Izzy: Luminescence. You know, like, your sparkle? (*peering at Sunny, screwing one eye shut*) Yours is… (*Smile; both eyes open.*) …lavender!
Sunny: Huh?
Izzy: And the happier you are, the brighter it shines.

(*Her light giggle turns into a sharp gasp at the sound of an impact against rock somewhere in the foggy heights. Both are unable to pinpoint the source, but carry on nonetheless. A few steps later, a dark blur flashes past behind them; two heads swivel toward it and two throats voice startled cries. Now the mystery figure zips over the ravine in the direction they have been walking, and they wheel to stare up and ahead with another pair of yelps. Its next pass dislodges several rocks, which kick-start the mares into a screaming charge. Looking back, they see the dark speck ping-ponging toward them and steadily descending toward ground level.*)

Sunny: Hurry!

(*She gasps upon looking ahead; cut to their perspective, rapidly approaching a steeply angled mass of collapsed rock fragments.*)

Izzy: Whoa!

(*Back to them, sliding to a stop on their haunches just in time to avoid going face-first into the mess. Sunny looks back and gasps at the sight of their harrier closing in over the last stretch. She butts Izzy's rump with her head, bringing a yell of protest from the unicorn and getting her to start moving up the slope. In short order, Izzy has broken through to daylight and pulled herself up onto flat ground above the mist-choked interior. Sunny follows as best she can, but ends up hanging from the lip of the ravine by her forelegs. As the pursuer zeroes in, she throws herself into a desperate lunge, but instead loses her grip and begins to slide.*)

Sunny: Whoa!
Izzy: Sunny!

(*As all four hooves lose contact with the rock, the front two lash upward and snatch the tip of Izzy's lowered horn in extreme close-up. Zoom out as she is hauled up to safety and the shadow continues its rush. Once Sunny and Izzy have caught their breath and stood upright, they heave sighs of relief and gaze back out over the ravine that nearly put them out of commission. The figure erupts from the cloud cover and into full light, scaring them badly enough to yell and clutch at one another for dear life, and drops into an air-ripping dive that barely misses them. It comes to rest on a nearby outcropping, but pauses for only the briefest moment before somersaulting upward from one to another. Finally it stops on a ledge and stands up, displaying features that could only be glimpsed during the high-speed ascent. Pegasus mare; off-white coat; deep blue and violet feathers edging both broad wings in two distinct rows, deep pink mane/tail shot with streaks of blue-green and lighter pink, the former in a short upswept style; silver hooves; an imperious countenance topped by pale blue-green eyes with deep pink brows. This is Zipp Storm, whose arrival brings an awed gasp from Izzy.*)

Sunny: A real pegasus!

(*Who proceeds to fold in her wings and speak in a relatively low-pitched voice, just as taken aback as they are.*)

Zipp: Whoa! A unicorn? *And* an earth pony? Together? (*smiling slyly*) Okay, well, this day just got a whole lot more interesting.

(*The sound of clanking metal catches her off guard; she glances off to one side and spots two armored ponies making their way over a rise toward her. Voicing a soft gasp, she bounds away across the rocks…*)

Izzy: (*as Sunny gasps*) Huh? (*…and stops at a ledge, the camera cutting to her.*)
Zipp: Don't tell them you saw me. (*Over she goes; back to Sunny and Izzy on the following.*)
Izzy: (*drawn out/fading away, as if she had fallen*) There's no way we coooooould! We don't even know your naaaaame! (*normally, to Sunny*) She seems nice.
Stallion voice 3: (*shrilly*) NO!!

(*This prompts both mares to gasp and glance back toward the two pegasi, clad in armored helmets and collars, regarding them from a higher vantage point. One, Thunder, is a pale green stallion heaving for breath and shuddering badly at the sight of the encroachers; he is the one who just spoke. The other, Zoom, is a light blue mare who is doing a much better job of keeping her composure.*)

Zoom: Thunder, get it together!
Thunder: But—but that's an earth pony!
Zoom: (*dismissively*) They're harmless. (*Cut to Sunny; she continues o.s.*) They have very tiny brains. (*Instantly rankled; pan to Izzy.*)
Thunder: (*from o.s.*) What do we do about *that?* (*Back to him and Zoom on the next line.*)
Zoom: Well, did you bring the shield?
Thunder: What shield?
Zoom: (*nudging him angrily*) Didn't you read the Guard Guide?
Thunder: Yes! (*Pause.*) Okay, no.
Zoom: (*groaning loudly*) Fine. (*advancing menacingly, spreading wings*) I've got this.

(*The move exposes darker blue feathers edging her wings. As her image fills the camera, the sound of a loud pop is heard, similar to a cork being pulled from a bottle of wine, and the view cuts to an extreme close-up of a tennis ball jammed on the end of Izzy's horn. Zoom out to frame her, Sunny, and the guards riding upward in an opulent gold/white-trimmed elevator. The unicorn eyes the new "accessory" with some puzzlement, while the earth pony sits reading from her journal lying open on the floor and the two pegasi flank them.*)

Izzy: That's creative. (*Cut to Sunny's side on the following.*)
Sunny: (*standing, turning to Thunder*) What's it like to fly? Is your wingspan the same as your height?
Thunder: Well, I—
Sunny: Do you need a license to fly? How far can you go?
Izzy: Can you fly to the moon?
Sunny: Do pegasi wear horseshoes, or do they just weigh you down?
Thunder: Well, I-I do collect sneakers. (*Back to all four on the next line.*)

Zoom: H-H-Hey, hey! Don't answer anything! (*whispering*) They could be spies.

(*The two captives are ever so slightly put out by this assessment, but quickly forget their umbrage as they peer out through the glass elevator wall facing them and break into huge smiles. Eyes widen as front hooves press to the surface and Sunny pulls in an enraptured gasp, and the camera shifts to their perspective of Zephyr Heights slowly falling away before them. It is a sprawling metropolis whose "streets" are actually chasms whose bottoms are lost in a misty expanse. Covering every square inch of flat land are broad sidewalks liberally bedecked with vendor carts, bridges span the gaps at varying heights, and the buildings sport enough billboards and gigantic display screens to rival, say, Broadway or Times Square. Pegasi are going about their day on the thoroughfares, elevated and otherwise, but one detail stands out: all of them are walking instead of flying. Back to the elevator, the camera zooming out and down as it continues its rise.*)

Izzy: (*awestruck*) Wow…

(*They are being conveyed up the exterior of a soaring structure whose pinnacle is lost off the top edge of the screen. The speed of the zoom-out increases until the camera is whipping along one of those busy streets and a news anchor stallion's voice is heard. As the motion stops, the speaker comes into view on one of the huge screens; he and a mare are seated at a news desk to do a morning broadcast. These two are Skye and Dazzle, respectively; during the following, the camera cuts to put them in and out of view at varying times.*)

Skye: Good morning, Zephyr Heights! It's another beautiful day in the big city. Looks like warm breezes and clear skies for tonight's royal celebration.
Izzy: (*eagerly*) Royal celebration? (*laughing, to Sunny*) Talk about great timing.
Dazzle: Tonight's royal bash for Queen Haven will be stunning. But the real jewel in the crown will be Princess Pipp's performance! Isn't that right, Skye?
Skye: (*chuckling*) Oh, my, yes, Dazzle. And this just in—an exclusive vid from Pipp, for all you loyal fans out there in ZH.

(*By now, the screen is displaying a small inset graphic in its top right corner. This expands to fill the view, presenting a close-up of a pink mare framed from the shoulders up. Purple mane/tail, the former falling in shoulder-length waves down the right side of her head; a thin gold headband marked with a cluster of feathers above the left ear; bright green eyes with purple brows. Pipp Petals stands in a well-appointed room, her visage flanked by a stream of emoji icons and a cluster of others common to social media programs, and a "LIVE" tag is in the top left corner to indicate that this is in real time. Her voice is that of a performer who knows how to get a crowd psyched up. As before, the camera shifts to put her in and out of view during the following.*)

Pipp: What is up, everypony? (*winking*) Big shout-out to all my fans, the Pippsqueaks. (*Foals squeal in anticipation; adults watch on their cellular phones.*) So tonight's the night. I can't wait to debut my new song later. (*Sunny and Izzy watch as they rise past a screen.*) It has a very special place in my heart, but—not as much as you guys!

Crowd: Awww…
Spectator: We love you so much, Pipp!
Pipp: Okay, guys, I love you lots. Gotta go. (*fluttering wings*) Pipp, Pipp, hooray!
Crowd: Pipp, Pipp, hooray!
Izzy, Thunder, Zoom: Pipp, Pipp, hooray!

(*Sunny does not quite know what to make of all this. Two noticeable details have emerged from this broadcast: the presence of a clip on the back of each phone that allows it to slide onto the user's hoof, and the fluffy white feathers that make up the entirety of Pipp's wings. The elevator brakes to a halt at the top of its track, arriving on an expansive balcony whose general décor matches the splendor of the car itself, and the doors slide open in time with a single bell ring.*)

Zoom: Move it!
Izzy: You betcha!

(*She and Sunny emerge onto a long walkway, flanked by the two guards.*)

Sunny: (*softly, to Izzy*) Do you see anypony flying here?

(*Izzy responds with an ecstatic gasp that sets her companion's eyes popping; cut to a long shot behind them. Where they are headed is a slender palace done in white and gold, with towers reaching into the clouds among the streaming banners.*)

Izzy: They have a castle!

(*Tilt up slowly, putting the group o.s. in time with her squeal, then cut to a set of closed doors within. These grind slowly open to expose an enormous room with broad columns and floor-to-ceiling windows that let in an abundance of natural light. A wide aisle bisects the space from one end to the other; at its far terminus is a dais with a row of three red-upholstered seats, the center one larger than the others, and a blue-carpeted ramp in front of each that leads down to floor level. Behind the dais is an immense gold sculpture accented by a stylized pair of wings. Three guards are stationed to either side of the aisle, marching toward the camera as the view slowly zooms in and then cuts to the arriving quartet.*)

Izzy: Wow!
Thunder: Bow before our Queen!

(*The guards halt and pivot to face the aisle. Cut to a close-up of three trumpets being raised to play a fanfare, then to a longer shot of the area in front of the dais. A slow zoom out frames six more guards on duty here, putting horns and lungs to work. Thunder, Zoom, and the aisle squad drop into a deep bow once they finish, leaving only Sunny and Izzy upright to see a small winged dog with fluffy white fur emerge onto the dais and sit imperiously before the central seat. The silence is broken only by his effort to scratch a troublesome spot. This is Cloudpuff.*)

Izzy: (*dramatically, bowing*) Your Majesty.

(*A shaft of sunlight falls onto Cloudpuff from above, causing him to yip happily and jump in place. Sunny looks upward with a gasp, prodding Izzy at the same time to get her upright and watching. Three figures swoop in through a circular aperture in the high, domed ceiling above the dais, and slowly descend toward it. Pipp and Zipp are to the viewer's left and right, respectively, the former displaying a slight fading of her coat toward her gold hooves and paying far more mind to the phone she carries than to her surroundings. Between them is their mother, Queen Haven, with a pale pink coat and deep purple wings edged in two shades of blue. Her carefully styled mane and tail are colored blue and violet, her hooves are dark gray, and her eyes are hidden behind a pair of sunglasses. Sunny stares wonderingly at first Pipp and then Zipp, gasping softly in recognition of the latter, before all three touch down on the dais. Now a short garment can be seen on Haven's back, consisting of a high, dark blue collar that reaches down to cover her shoulders; it is open in front and secured by a thin gold chain set with a diamond-shaped blue gem. Theuppermost corner of a small crown or tiara peeks out from behind the mane. Her haughty carriage contrasts sharply with Pipp's preoccupation and Zipp's boredom, but this does not stop Cloudpuff from darting and yipping around her hooves.*)

(*Sunny and Izzy smile upon spotting Zipp, and Izzy adds a happy gasp and wave.*)

Izzy: Hi, new friend!

(*Said new friend throws her a frantic little "shut it" shake of the head, in response, Izzy draws a hoof across her own mouth and closes it as if she has just zipped it shut.*)

Haven: Guards, state your business. And please make it quick. We're on a very tight schedule today. (*glancing at Cloudpuff*) Before the celebration, Cloudpuff needs his pedicure— (*Pan quickly to Pipp; she continues o.s.*) —Pipp needs to rehearse— (*Back to her.*) —and I need to practice my laugh.

(*This last shot is close enough to pick out the light violet eyeshadow she wears. She gives a loud, forced laugh.*)

Haven: Hmmm…still not right.

(*A peer over her shades reveals medium blue eyes and purple brows, accompanied by a slight forward tilt of the head that exposes a bit more of the crown.*)

Zoom: (*as she and Thunder step aside to give a full view of Sunny/Izzy*) Your Highness, we found these intruders in our territory.

(*Haven eases her lenses down for a better look; cut to the two beaming "intruders" and zoom in to the sound of her long gasp from o.s., then back to her as she removes the sunglasses. Now the crown can be seen in full, worked in gold with a large green jewel that resembles a pair of upward-curving wings. At the center of the piece are two overlapping diamond-shaped cutouts.*)

Haven: (*stammering, aghast*) An earth pony and a unicorn…in Zephyr Heights!
Zoom: We have them under control, Your Highness.
Thunder: (*pointing to the ball on Izzy's horn*) O-Oh, a-and we deployed the shield!

(*The sovereign circles in place, showing off a gold band on her tail.*)

Haven: (*increasingly unnerved*) Is this an attack? On the night of our royal celebration? Why are you here? Who sent you? (*Gasp.*) Nopony must know they're here!
Pipp: (*to her phone*) Check it out, Pippsqueaks. Live, from the castle…

(*A street, packed with ponies watching a screen and/or their phones—she is broadcasting these events to the general public.*)

Pipp: …it's a real unicorn and earth pony!

(*The video pans quickly to frame these two and the guards; a gasp from the onlookers.*)

Pipp: (*from o.s.*) I know, right? This is *so* not a filter.
Haven: (*from o.s., reaching into view*) Pipp! (*She pulls the phone to herself.*) There's nothing to fear. Those nasty little ponies have been captured. Your Queen will protect you. (*A relieved sigh from the masses; she addresses herself to Pipp.*) Shut it off.

(*The screen goes blank; cut to Haven tossing the phone back to Pipp with an irked sigh. Sunny, meanwhile, has laid her journal on the floor and is leafing through it.*)

Sunny: Excuse me, M-Majesty? Um, we only want to ask you a few questions about magic. (*Cut to Haven and Zipp; she continues o.s.*) We need—
Haven: (*flaring wings*) Guards! Please escort these ponies to the dungeon until I can question them properly! (*Pause.*) And confiscate the book! (*Zoom yanks it from Sunny's grip.*)
Sunny: What?! N-No, no!

(*Zipp reacts with silent horror as the armored mare runs an eye over the writings.*)

Sunny: But—but, Your Majesty, I just wanted to ask you a few questions!

(*Back to the dais on the end of this; Haven dons her sunglasses and the three royals lift off. Overhead view of Sunny and Izzy, zooming out.*)

Sunny: Please! (*The guards begin ushering them toward the door; back to ground level.*)
Izzy: Did she just say "dungeons"?
Sunny: (*sighing*) What else could go wrong today?

(*Cut to a close-up of the calendar that Sprout pulled from the office wall in Maretime Bay. The sound of slurping drifts down from o.s., and his hoof drops into view to stick a photo clipping of his own face over Hitch's, held in place by saliva. A longer shot puts him in the chair behind the*

boss's desk—with an actual gold "SHERIFF" nameplate—and he smugly looks upon the change he has wrought as the camera zooms out slowly. He has taken the time to polish up the replica badge that Phyllis attached to his sash, so that it gleams brightly in the light of the desk lamp. The sound of the door opening snaps him out of his self-glorifying reverie, along with the crowd hubbub that can be heard from outside. Cut to Phyllis, hastily ducking in and shutting the door behind herself to block out the noise. She pulls down a partly rolled-up shade to keep any curious souls from peeking in; now Sprout sets the calendar aside.)

Sprout: Mom?

(*Only now does she take full notice of his presence and smile.*)

Phyllis: (*crossing to him*) My, oh, my, aren't you the handsome Sheriff? Look at you!
Sprout: (*bashfully*) Yes. Yes, I am, Mommy. (*Laugh.*)
Phyllis: Well, this is it. It is your time to shine, dear. Everypony wants to hear from you.
Sprout: They do?
Phyllis: (*circling around office, leaning to speak in his ear*) Of course! *You* are in charge now. It's your destiny.

(*A wondering smile makes its way across his face as he grasps the full import of her honeyed words. Cut to just outside the doors as he kicks them open.*)

Sprout: Citizens!

(*His ardor gets the better of him when they bounce back and slam shut in his face. A pained cry makes itself heard through glass and wood, perplexing the congregated ponies who have fallen silent; a moment later he opens the doors more cautiously and steps out, clearing his throat.*)

Sprout: It is I, Sheriff Sprout!
Toots: "Sheriff"? Where's Hitch?
Spectators: We need a real sheriff!…Tell us what's going on!…Hitch would know what to do!
(*Phyllis advances out of the building.*)
Phyllis: Come on now, everypony. Let's listen to what our new Sheriff has to say.

(*After a long moment of waiting in vain for her son to speak, she gives him a rough nudge.*)

Phyllis: (*aside, to him*) That's you, sugar cube. (*She walks off, leaving him alone in the doorway.*)
Spectators: Everything's gone wrong!…We're doomed!…What'll we do?
Sprout: (*to himself, over previous*) Oh, yeah, that's me. (*Clear throat; speak up.*) Okay, folks, calm down. There's no need to be scared.
Toots: (*on verge of tears*) We're scared, and we want to be prepared!

(*Sparkle Chaser, one of the models from the Canterlogic show, scrambles into view while still wearing the Pega-Periscope Goggles he showed off at that event.*)

Sparkle Chaser: The unicorns are coming! The unicorns are coming!

(*Almost as soon as he has passed o.s., there comes a loud crash from his direction—he has once again failed to watch his step.*)

Spectators: Can anypony tell me where Hitch is?…What do we do?…What's your plan, Sheriff?…What if the unicorn comes back?
Sprout: (*with slowly building trepidation*) Actually…what if you're all right? The unicorns *could* come back! They could even bring the pegasi! We are all in danger!

(*A gasp from the crowd; now he advances among them with newfound confidence.*)

Aggressive electric guitar rock melody, lively 4 (G minor)

Sprout: Now is not the time to be complacent! We should do something!

(*He begins to dart from one to another.*)

Sprout: Something is lurking, something is near
Something is feeling stranger, stranger
Stirring up discord, whipping up fear
(*Sweets, blowing a bubble from a wad of gum, is startled into letting it pop.*)
Whispering softly, "Danger, danger"

Sustained string chords with bass, acoustic guitar accents, light percussion; half-time feel

(*He whisks an ice cream cone from a foal's grip and sticks it briefly to his forehead for a horn.*)

Sprout: Outsiders creep up slow and steady
Wings glistening, horns at the ready
Think what they could do the status quo
Phyllis: Oh, no

(*He stomps a toy house flat, to the dismay of the two youths playing with it, then appears on a wall of television sets so that all the screens together make up his visage.*)

Sprout: They're gonna steal, plunder, and pillage
They're gonna take over the village
Guitar/strings out; percussion builds; triplet feel
(*He bucks the armchair out from under a pony who has dozed off watching the idiot box at home, then turns to a couple and their toddler eating a meal in their kitchen.*)
Don't just sit on your butts and do nothing and wait
Let's enter a blind irrational state

(*The foal throws sippy cup and food aside, splattering the latter all over the camera lens; the mess drains away to frame Sprout addressing the crowd outside Hitch's office as a rising whoop drifts up from them.*)

Rock electric guitar with bass/drums, straight 4

Sprout: Better get nervous, better get tense
(*The stallion who dived over the railing during Izzy's visit is just now muscling his way back up, but loses his hold and goes into the drink again.*)
Better not let them catch you blinking
You don't need a reason, fillies and gents
(*addressing crowd through a bullhorn from atop a moving trolley*)
This is no time for sober thinking
Mob
Spectator 1: Mob?
Sprout: M-m-mob-mob
Spectator 2: Mob?
Spectator 3: Mob?
Sprout: Angry, angry
(*dancing in time with them*)
Mob
Ponies: Mob, m-m-mob, mob
Mob, mob, angry, angry

Sustained string chords with bass, acoustic guitar accents, light percussion; half-time feel

(*Cut to a microphone on a stand under a solitary green spotlight as he steps up to it.*)

Sprout: Fight
See in black and white
(*Pan slightly to bring a second close-up image of him into view.*)
That's your pony right
Time to lift your manes and proudly
(*Standing on a tall pedestal marked with Hitch's badge, he addresses the green-lit masses. Zoom in and circle around him.*)
Throng
Numbers make you strong
Millions can't be wrong
Especially when they're screaming loudly
(*One spot washes past the camera and clears to frame him on a moving conveyor belt, watched by every local who can fit in the place.*)
You might not have
A bale of hay to borrow
Are you saddled with your sorrow?
Are you scared about tomorrow?

Electric guitar in; intensity builds; half-time feel ends

(*A clamp drops from the ceiling, closing around his midsection and hoisting him up onto the trolley, which rolls ahead on a set of roller-coaster tracks before plunging downhill.*)

Well, it's all gonna work out painlessly
If you follow my orders brainlessly

(*The camera shifts to ride with the vehicle, rapidly closing in on a set of posters hung up across the track to form a menacing black pegasus caricature. As this fills the screen and the eyes burn white, cut to Sprout leading a steadily growing multitude of disgruntled ponies through the streets of Maretime Bay.*)

<u>A cappella</u>, spoken in rhythm with handclaps only

Sprout: What are we?
Ponies: We're an angry mob!
Sprout: What are we?
Ponies: We're an angry mob!
(*spotting an ear of corn on a stalk*)

Acoustic guitar in (A flat minor)

Sprout: Look at this corn!
Ponies: It's on the cob!
(*eyeing a stallion in a hat*)
Sprout: Look at that guy!
Hat stallion: Um, my name's Rob.

Acoustic guitar out; rock electric guitar with bass/drums

(*Sprout's new supporters head-bang and march in time through the unwholesome green light, a giant image of his head slowly swiveling to gaze upon them. The view soon shifts to a zoom along a tunnel of horseshoe arches and larger-than-life copies of the rabble-rouser.*)

Sprout, Ponies: Mob, mob, m-m-mob, mob
Mob, mob, angry, angry
Mob, mob, m-m-mob, mob
Mob, mob, angry, angry

(*Even Hitch's three critter buddies get in on the act as an ice cream stand is capsized; by this point, the sky has gone that same sick emerald hue. The ponies sing the first three of the previous four lines again, with each of the following lines laid over one of theirs as he leads them through the town.*)

Sprout: Mob, mob, mob, mob
Mob, mob, mob, mob
Mob, mob, mob, mob

(*Close-up, zooming out quickly to put him on the roof of Hitch's office and the locals in the street, all spoiling for a fight.*)
Ponies: Mob, mob
Sprout, Ponies: Angry, angry mob

Song ends

(*The crab, perched on the trolley conductor's cap, snaps its claws in a decidedly hostile fashion before the view snaps to black.*)

(*A wall of spotlights is ignited, gradually brightening to illuminate a pegasus figure standing before them on a stage with wings folded as heavenly voices and strings provide accompaniment. This scene is in black and white, and as the feathery limbs extend, the camera cuts close enough to frame their owner as Pipp, who turns her head to glance alluringly over her shoulder. From here, cut to a long overhead shot of her galloping along a beach in slow motion; a stallion's voice is heard, speaking with a heavy French accent.*)

French stallion: This princess smells. (*Profile close-up; Pipp lifts off and glides o.s. against the setting sun.*) So could you.

(*The stage again; she describes a lazy circle around a giant perfume bottle and pulls into a hover above its gold stopper. The bottle is in full color and is labeled "La Pipp—Zephyr."*)

French stallion: Parfum La Pipp.

(*Zoom out to show this entire sequence as a commercial playing on a wall-mounted television, then tilt down to the expanse of masonry directly beneath it. Visible in the center of this is a barred window from which Sunny is gazing forlornly out from the side opposite the camera; the minuscule dimensions of her image compared to the screen point up the enormous size of the latter. A close-up shows the bars to be made of gold, as are those making up the wall behind her; however, these decadent touches do nothing to put her mind at ease.*)

Sunny: Something is not right. We haven't seen a single pony flying, except the royal family. (*addressing herself to one side*) Izzy, are you listening?

(*Cut to Izzy, who has blissfully crashed out in a massage chair elsewhere in this confined space and has it going in overdrive. Cucumber slices cover both eyes, a bowl of fruit stands within easy reach, and a tropical drink is parked on one armrest. The tennis-ball "shield" deployed by the guards is still on her horn.*)

Izzy: (*humming, voice vibrating*) This isn't dungeon-y at all! (*Giggle.*)

(*An overhead shot on the end of this supports her assessment. Immense potted plants; a chandelier hung with strings of crystals; a central fountain; a fold-out bunk equipped with a*

luxurious mattress and satin sheets/pillows; towels and other comforts laid out by the window; marble and gold décor. Back to Izzy.)

Zipp: (*from o.s.*) Hey!
Izzy: (*lifting slice from one eye*) Hm?

(*Pan quickly to frame the off-white mare standing in the corridor, just beyond the bars.*)

Zipp: I'm sorry you two got thrown in here, but…I have to talk to you. (*Both captives move eagerly toward her, Izzy dropping the cucumbers.*)
Sunny: Princess?
Izzy: Your Majestic-ness…Your-Your-Your Graceful Highness! I—
Zipp: Zipp. Just…call me Zipp.
Sunny: Okay, Zipp. I'm Sunny, and this is my friend.
Izzy: Izzy Moonbow.
Zipp: Sunny, Izzy, I *really* need to ask you something important. (*Quick look around herself to make sure the coast is clear; then she continues in a whisper.*) About magic.
Sunny: That's why we're here! Maybe you can tell us how yours works? Izzy has no idea how the unicorns lost theirs, so we thought maybe—
Zipp: (*normal volume*) Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait. "Lost theirs"? As in, no magic? (*The tiniest of head shakes from both.*) Well, that changes things. Listen. I might have some information that could help, but first… (*fishing around under a wing*) …you need to tell me about *this*.

(*What she comes up with is Sunny's journal, seen in close-up; a small gasp from the o.x. owner, after which the camera cuts back to her and Izzy.*)

Sunny: My journal! (*Zipp passes it to her.*) Thank you, Zipp! I-I never thought I'd see it again.
Zipp: (*cockily*) Yeah, I can be pretty sneaky when I want to be.
Izzy: Nice! I'm—I'm only medium sneaky.
Zipp: So where did that come from?
Sunny: It was my father's. Why?
Zipp: That star.

(*Before she can elucidate further, the sound of a synthesized trumpet fanfare butts into the quiet atmosphere. All three look along the corridor toward the source, which in close-up turns out to be a pair of phones being held up. A longer shot puts them in the hooves of two guards, who quickly tuck them away and set to work rolling out a red carpet. Behind them is Pipp, who snaps a picture of herself with her own phone before stashing it and walking tranquilly up to the cell. She is a bit shorter than Zipp.*)

Pipp: Zipp, what are you doing here? (*under her breath*) Mom said to stay away.
Zipp: Riiiight. Then why are *you* here?
Pipp: (*scoffing, bringing phone out*) For the content.

(*She takes another snap of herself; behind her, a grinning Izzy drags a protesting Sunny close so they can both fit in the background without being noticed.*)

Sunny: (*slightly strangled*) Princess, why isn't anypony flying?

(*Pipp gasps, but quickly composes herself with a casual laugh as she stows the hardware and turns to them.*)

Pipp: E-Everypony knows that only royals can fly, of course. (*Izzy lets go of Sunny.*)
Sunny, Izzy: (*stunned*) What?
Pipp: I know, it's not fair. But that's just the way it is. (*flapping a bti*) If there was some way we could teach the citizens to fly, you know we would in a wingbeat. Right, Zipp?
Zipp: (*glumly*) Yeah. In a wingbeat.

(*This exchange leaves the out-of-towners at a loss. The sound of a vibrating phone puts an end to any pondering, though, and Zipp rolls her eyes at the interruption.*)

Pipp: (*pulling hers out*) Oh! Dress rehearsals. Gotta go! (*to Zipp, under her breath*) And so should you.

(*On the next line, she departs as she arrived and the guards roll up the red carpet behind her.*)

Pipp: (*singing*) Mi-mi-miiii! (*spoken in rhythm*) Red feather, yellow feather, red feather, yellow feather.

(*Now o.s., she does an exercise to limber up the lips and tongue. Zipp waits to speak until she is well out of earshot.*)

Zipp: I have to show you something.

(*She darts over to a scanner mounted on the wall next to the cell and puts a front hoof to it; a flash of recognized identity, and the bars swiftly retract into the ceiling. Zipp hurries off up the corridor and out of sight even before Sunny and Izzy can gasp in delight.*)

Zipp: (*from o.s.*) You coming or what?

(*This is all the prompting Sunny needs to get her hooves in gear and follow. Izzy makes to do likewise, but stops and glances back toward the fruit bowl as a thought occurs to her. Cut to the produce; an orange is plucked away and replaced by the tennis ball in time with the o.s. unicorn's snickering.*)

(*Dissolve to the sun shining in a bright blue sky and tilt down to the edge of an unforgiving cliff, the camera aimed at the cloud cover beyond. A couple of creatures are nibbling at the sparse tufts of grass, appearing something like prairie dogs with rabbit-like ears. They scatter as one of Hitch's forelegs heaves into view beyond the precipice and hooks into the stony ground so he can*

drag himself up. Collapsing onto his belly with a spent groan, he is more than a bit surprised to find the critters hopping his way.)

Hitch: Huh?

(*They coo and nuzzle his cheeks happily, putting him into a mildly foul mood, but he looks ahead of himself and instantly snaps out of it with a gasp. Zoom out quickly at ground level; he has caught sight of one of the pro-unicorn stickers Sunny was putting up around Maretime Bay while on her way to the Canterlogic show.*)

Hitch: (*grimly*) Litter. (*He is up out of the dirt in a blink.*) I mean, a clue.

(*Close-up of a long blue hair snagged on a branch, the camera pivoting to frame him peering intently at it.*)

Hitch: Hmmm…unicorn hair.

(*Next he spots a dark blue feather lying loose on the rocky plateau, picks it up, and gives it a lick to evaluate the taste.*)

Hitch: Pegasi.

(*These last two items belong to Izzy and Zipp, respectively. Tossing the feather aside, he trots determinedly away along the ridge. Throughout this sequence, he has completely failed to notice the slowly gathering knot of cute little furballs behind him. Cut to a close-up of him with one ear pressed to a rock face.*)

Hitch: Track's gone cold.

(*Zoom out, the camera rotating 90 degrees to frame him hunched down and listening to the ground. Now he stands up.*)

Hitch: (*gently chiding*) Sunny, Sunny, Sunny, Sunny. You think you've escaped? (*chuckling, shaking head*) Well, think again. (*resolutely*) I will not eat! I will not sleep! (*relenting*) Well, maybe a quick nap and a snack if I can't find you in the next few hours. (*resolutely*) *But* after that, nothing will stop me!

(*Only now does he take in the sizable animal audience that has come together to applaud and cheer him.*)

Hitch: (*smiling, chuckling, bowing*) Oh! Thank you, thank you. No, no, you're too kind. (*Cut to a few of them; he continues o.s., firmly.*) *Also…*

(*All fall quiet except for one, which has to be shushed by its neighbor. Back to Hitch on the start of the next line.*)

Hitch: …I'll follow you wherever you go! Whether harshest deserts— (*Gasp from the crowd.*) —the coldest tundras! No trail too dangerous, no clue too small.

(*With his back to the clouds at this point, he does not see them gradually clear to expose a pair of giant screens mounted on buildings just beyond the ridge. Each carries a "BREAKING NEWS" banner and a mug shot of one of the escapees—a put-out Sunny and a grinning Izzy. Whether the critters' response was to Hitch's dramatic statement or the news update may never be fully known. Close-up of them, restarting their clamor, then back to him as he continues.*)

Hitch: The past matters not! It's justice— (*He trails off with an impatient groan.*) —what, what?

(*As one, they voice a loud coo and point their ears past him—"look behind you/!" Taking the hint, he pivots to get an eyeful of both fugitives.*)

Hitch: (*smiling grimly*) Gotcha.

(*Cut to a close-up of a ventilation grate, which is slid away from the other side by Zipp to frame her, Sunny, and Izzy peeking in through the square opening. The pegasus is the first one in, and a long shot puts the vent in a ceiling, directly above a gondola that hangs from two sets of cables strung over pulleys. Landing neatly in the craft, she addresses the other two.*)

Zipp: Watch your step!

(*A pair of yells serve as preface for their graceless plops onto the deck, and Zipp depresses a switch to start the gondola descending. She looks over the side with an anticipatory smile, Sunny and Izzy directing their attention likewise and gasping in awe. A very long shot puts them at one end of a great hall that must once have been a transportation hub, as suggested by the large departure/arrival information board behind them. Immense draperies and banners in varying states of disrepair hang from walls and ceiling, at least one has fallen away entirely, and a wide ramp leads down from the far end where the board is hung up. Back to the gondola as it touches down and Zipp balances on its edge.*)

Sunny: Where *are* we? (*Zipp hops down and descends the ramp.*)
Zipp: It's amazing, right? (*Sunny and Izzy follow.*) I'm pretty sure it was some sort of station—

(*A floor-level shot frames rows of seats in a waiting area, as well as a gap in the tapestries at the opposite end through a sizable swath of daytime sky is visible. The cloths obscure stained-glass windows that have seen better days.*)

Zipp: —for when earth ponies and unicorns used to visit Zephyr Heights.

(*On the end of this, cut to Sunny, who has found a grimy, faded poster advertising Maretime Bay propped in its frame against a wall. Izzy comes across toward it.*)

Zipp: (*from o.s.*) It's like everypony just…forgot.

(*The traveling earth pony draws a hoof down the image of her town's lighthouse, scraping away most of the filth so that its red/white stripes come through much more clearly. She smiles at the thought of inter-tribal visitation between locales, then looks up; cut to a poster for Bridlewood hanging overhead.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) This is proof! (*Back to her and Izzy.*) All pony kinds *did* used to be friends! My dad was right.

(*She crosses the floor to stop by Zipp, whose pensive gaze is fixed on an o.s. point up and ahead of herself. Cut to the object of her focus a poster on a pillar that depicts three flight-suited and goggle-wearing Wonderbolts standing tall and proud ass four more zoom over a city skyline.*)

Sunny: It must be really weird, being the only pegasi that can fly.
Zipp: (*sighing heavily*) The truth is…we can't fly either. We've been faking it. (*Izzy draws in a long gasp.*)
Sunny: (*incredulously*) *Faking it?!* But—but how?

(*The royal mare steps to a blackboard densely covered with diagrams, notes, and equations.*)

Zipp: You'd be surprised what some wires and good lighting will do. But I'm just so tired of living that ridiculous lie! That's why I come down here, to get away from all of that! (*smirking*) And, well…to do this.

(*A few galloping strides allow her to build up the momentum for a nimble leap; she lands on a switch and triggers it, pushing off as a cluster of upward-angled fans whirs to life. They stand around a much larger, floor-mounted unit and set to direct their output air streams into its own. Zipp's secondary bound deposits her dead center above the main unit, and she lets it propel her upward while spreading her wings to full length and laughing joyously. She rises toward the banks of skylights that stretch the length of the station's arched ceiling and executes a loop that carries her out through the open entrance between the stained-glass windows and back.*)

Sunny: Wow!
Izzy: Whoa! (*Zipp is lost in airborne rapture.*) Her sparkle is so bright right now!

(*The winged pony comes in for a landing as the fans shut off.*)

Zipp: But that's not why I brought you down here. (*pointing upward*) *This* is what I wanted to show you.

(*Tilt up on the end of this line, putting all three o.s.; the windows do in fact form this entire wall of the facility. Or at least they did; the central gap is wide enough to accommodate a third one. Set into a horizontal window section above the assembly is a copy of Twilight's cutie mark. Back to Sunny and Izzy on the start of the following.*)

Sunny: (*mind blown*) Oh, my stars. (*She glances down at her journal; close-up of its identically marked cover.*)
Zipp: (*from o.s.*) This was made a long, *long* time ago— (*The window again.*) —when we still had magic. (*All three.*)
Izzy: It's beautiful!

(*Cut to a rearing pegasus likeness worked into a side panel, wings aglow, and tilt up slightly. Just above its head is an image of the green spread-wings jewel that Haven wears in her crown.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) What is that?
Zipp: (*from o.s.*) That's the Pegasus Crystal. (*The three mares again.*) It's part of my mom's crown.

(*Sunny shifts position slightly, moving toward the opposite side of the entrance. Cut to the panel here, which depicts a unicorn standing tall with horn lifted and alight, and tilt up. The spot overhead, matching the location of the Pegasus Crystal on the other side, has been smashed out.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) Hmmm… (*Back to her.*) …where is the Unicorn Crystal?

(*She casts her eyes around the vicinity, settles them on a fabric-covered object, and crosses to it. Close-up of this; a panel of blue stained glass lies partly exposed, and the cloth is pulled away to show the entirety. It is an intact image of a blue jewel that tapers to a point at one end, and it rests in a jagged spot of light cast by the damaged panels. Sunny smiles at her discovery, but quickly lets it fade under the touch of a new thought. An overhead shot of the area informs her that the glass Unicorn Crystal is lying close to the image of the Pegasus Crystal projected onto the floor. Nudging the former toward the latter, she finds that the non-tapered end fits neatly into the gap between the stylized wings, leaving the point to project upward like a horn and a circular opening at the center of the pair. Zoom out to frame all three mares on the next lines.*)

Sunny: Look!
Izzy: They fit?
Sunny: These two crystals belong together—united.
Zipp: So…what are you saying?
Sunny: (*crossing to windows*) Maybe you lost your magic because the crystals were separated.
Izzy: So if we put them back together…
Zipp: …magic will return?
Sunny: And all three pony kinds will get along again!
Zipp: All right! (*Izzy laughs; Zipp deflates suddenly.*) Aw, but what about the Unicorn Crystal?
Izzy: Well, if you're looking for crystals, we've got, like, a gazillion of them back in Bridlewood.
Sunny: Then that's where we'll go next— (*to Zipp*) —after we get the Pegasus Crystal from your mom, of course.
Zipp: Ooh, that'll be tricky. She, uh, never takes her crown off.

(*Cut to Haven asleep in bed and snoring loudly, with Cloudpuff tucked in beside her; both are wearing sleep masks over their eyes. Next she takes a hot shower, standing in a stall that rises to shoulder level. She sings her next line to the tune of the first five notes in the My Little Pony theme/jingle. In both of these shots, she is indeed wearing her crown.*)

Haven: Keeping the Queen clean…

(*Now, wearing a pair of swim goggles, she snaps a rubber cap into place over her mane—and the crown to boot—and launches herself off a diving board to do a cannonball into a pool. Back to Sunny.*)

Sunny: So…what do we do?
Zipp: (*from o.s.*) I got it! (*Pan quickly to her.*) Pipp's performing at tonight's royal celebration. All eyes will be on her—especially my mom's. She'll be distracted. So, we just need to swap the real crown with a fake. (*Pan quickly to Izzy on the next line.*)
Izzy: Ooh, I can craft a decoy! (*pacing a bit*) But I will need a box of macaroni, a tube of glue, fourteen gooey bunnies, and three jellybeans. (*Stop; instantly all business.*) Oh, and glitter. (*Zoom in to a close-up.*) Lots of glitter.

(*A burst of the multicolored sparkly stuff washes over the screen and clears to yield an extreme close-up of one of Zipp's eyes, hidden behind darkly tinted sunglasses. These are pulled down for a lightning-fast glance back and forth, and the camera quickly zooms out to put her just outside a Mac-a-Poni shop in the city proper.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) I'll get the supplies.

(*Tilt up quickly to a rooftop; she drops a bag over the edge.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) I'll pass them off to Sunny, and then she will get them to you.

(*During this line, the camera follows the bag down to its recipient, who catches it while standing in an archway and nudges it over to Izzy. The view then changes to a quick circular track around the unicorn, whose flying hooves are nearly lost amid a hailstorm of material trimmings. Sunny and Zipp look on from a safe distance, the latter now without her shades.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) Once you've produced the decoy…

(*The camera stops in a head-on shot as she finishes her work and lifts the end result for the others' consideration. It is a reasonably good facsimile of Haven's crown, constructed from varying types of dried pasta and appropriately colored.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) …get your flanks to the palace.

(*Zoom in quickly on one of the diamond cutouts in its central gold portion, the camera passing through it to arrive in a city street. All eyes are on the palace, brightly illuminated by roving searchlight beams that slash the night sky. Tilt up slowly toward its highest towers.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) Everypony who's anypony will be there—

(*A beam sweeps across the screen; behind it, wipe to the back of her head, standing before closed doors.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) —so security will be tight.

(*They slide open before her—an elevator she has been riding—and she proceeds onto a red carpet manned by guards and flanked by hordes of spectators and reporters shouting a babel of questions. Her only reply is a confident, aloof half-smile and a brief glance back the way she came from the corner of her eye.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) I'll distract them—

(*Zoom in quickly on the still-open elevator; Sunny and Izzy peek into view from around the doorframe.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) —so you can sneak in. (*They slip away…*)
Izzy: (*voice over*) Maximum sneaky.

(*…and climb up onto a statue's wing to scope out the joint. A velvet rope swings up past the camera, wiping the view to just behind the pair at ground level as they watch the red carpet goings-on.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) You'll need to be stealthy. (*Sunny nods to Izzy; they hurry across the lawn and arrive at a doorway inside.*) Carefully make your way to the grand hall, but watch out for the guards.

(*Both stop short, gasping in fright as all eight hooves squeak against the marble floor. A zoom out puts them in a connecting corridor where Thunder and Zoom are on duty. These two have their backs to the intruders, and Thunder has his phone out and is utterly absorbed in it. Sunny and Izzy take advantage of these two layers of distraction and dive for cover under the tablecloth draped on a handy room-service cart. However, their momentum causes it to roll a few feet, jolting an empty vase among the dishes so that it overturns with a clink. Thunder shoots it a brief glance before turning back to his phone, and the cart begins to move again, propelled by the undetected equines.*)

(*As the camera pans to follow it, the view wipes behind the trailing edge of a column to show the action from a different angle. Thunder and Zoom march away, the stallion having disposed of his phone, with Zipp a few feet back and the cart trailing her.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) I'll open the door to the backstage of the throne room.

(*One closed door is equipped with a scanner identical to the one in the dungeon; she taps a front hoof to it almost without breaking stride, and the way opens as Sunny and Izzy bring the rig to a stop in front of it. The entire view undergoes a 360-degree rotation, cutting in the process to a long overhead shot of the throne room and framing the pair as they scramble up behind the three seats of power. Cut to Haven's throne during the following; they peek out from opposite sides of it, faces going slack with shock, and the camera zooms quickly out overhead to show the guards and bigwigs that have begun to convene.*)

Zipp: (*voice over*) And once Pipp starts singing, my mom will be so caught up that swapping the crowns will be easy-breezy.
Sunny: (*voice over*) Easy-breezy. (*Nervous laugh; tilt up toward the ceiling.*) Sure.

(*This movement takes the camera up through the circular hole through which the royal family made their first appearance. Above it is a dressing room in which Haven is adjusting her makeup at a vanity mirror, while a gloomy-faced Zipp slumps at the railing around it.*)

Haven: I hear you paid our guests a visit. (*This jolts Zipp out of her rumination.*)
Zipp: Pipp told you? (*She crosses to Haven.*)
Haven: Oh, you know she tells me everything. I wish you would tell me more. You're going to be Queen one day. You'll wear this crown. And trust me, it is heavier than it looks.
Zipp: Actually, there is something I wanted to tell you. (*Brief pause to gather herself, then plunge ahead.*) The unicorns don't have any magic. I-I think it's tied to why we can't fly and I— (*Haven rounds on her, face hardened.*)
Haven: Zephyrina! I don't know what silly ideas that unicorn put into your head, but we have a duty to protect our citizens. Pegasi are happy enough knowing that we royals can fly. (*Cut to Zipp; she continues o.s.*) Why would you want to disrupt things?
Zipp: Because it's a lie. (*Both again.*)
Haven: It makes them feel safe. Oh, one day you'll understand.

(*Pipp advances slowly into view, suspended a few feet off the ground, to the sound of creaking high-tension wires attached to an unseen body harness.*)

Haven: Your sister does. Oh, and here she is now!
Pipp: (*singing, flaring wings*) Mi-mi-miiii…
Haven: (*spreading her own*) Oh, showtime!

(*Cut to a technician stallion at a backstage control panel, watching a monitor that shows four different camera angles. Most of the screen is taken up by an image of Pipp dangling near the railing; the others show her from a slightly different perspective, Haven's throne, and a closed curtain. He turns his head to address himself over his shoulder and o.s.*)

Tech stallion: We are go for launch.

Quiet, bass-heavy electronic dance beat with ticking hi-hat cymbal, bright 4 (C major)

(*The lights go dim over the cheering crowd, and he pulls a switch to lower Haven and Zipp into the throne room. Both are now hooked up to flight wires; Pipp remains up top.*)

Haven: Remember to smile.
Zipp: Ugh… (*Both spread their wings as spotlights blaze up.*)

Drums in

(*Ponies in the street watch on the building-mounted screens as they settle into their seats, Cloudpuff already balanced on one arm of Haven's and barking in rhythm. Cut to just behind Zipp's and Haven's thrones; Zipp throws a quick glance back toward Sunny and Izzy, hunkered down behind the big chair. The earth pony gives the unicorn a small, firm nod.*)

Pipp: (*muted*) Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
Glowin' up kinda love, we say "hi," you say, "what?"

Piano/synth chords only with hi-hat

(*Fullscreen: now Pipp comes down amid the spotlights' brilliance and a shower of golden confetti and begins to glide through the open space.*)

Pipp: (*un-muted*) We got the light, we're coming in stronger
We're in it together, if you want it, it's all inside your mind

Handclaps in

(*As she adds a few low-altitude passes over the crowd, Haven watches with great satisfaction. Sunny begins to reach over the top of the throne in a bid for the crown, but quickly ducks away to avoid a passing spotlight beam. She is standing on the back of Izzy, who grunts in discomfort at the abrupt posture change that sends a hoof into the back of her head.*)

We got the light, won't wait any longer
We'll get it together, if you want it, then you can paint the sky

Dance beat with drums

(*Sunny heaves herself up and, in one lightning-fast move, plucks the crown off the royal noggin and leaves the pasta-based duplicate in its place. Zipp eyes her worriedly, but relaxes at both her mother's lack of notice and her friend's smile of triumph. Sunny ducks out of sight.*)

Pipp: I used to care what they'd say, let 'em into my brain
But I found a new way [Ooh-ooh]
Every time I fall down, I pick it up like rebound
Gotta get through somehow

(*During the third and fourth lines above, the following events occur. First, Cloudpuff lets off a quiet, puzzled bark. Second, the two infiltrators race to a set of closed doors in a darkened area, Sunny having stuffed the crown into her saddlebag. Third, she hits a button to open them, but is met with the sight of a guard stallion on the phone.*)

Guard: (*sappily*) No, *you* hang up. (*Soft gasp from both mares.*) No, *y*—

(*Fourth, she hammers the button to shut the doors, and the two pivot to find Cloudpuff watching them; zoom in quickly as he goes straight into snarling attack-dog mode, then cut to them yelling and bailing out ahead of his charge.*)

Rhythm electric guitar in

(*As the white pooch maintains pursuit, Pipp continues her aerial ballet, exposing her cutie mark as a pair of white eighth notes with magenta stems and a jagged connecting beam in this same color, contoured to fit a gold crown that nestles within. Cut to a set of doors, one being thrown open from behind to frame Sunny and Izzy; they yelp in surprise, and the camera cuts to frame Hitch on the other side. He is wearing a fake mustache and a pair of buckled-on wings.*)

Pipp: We don't fly like we used to, we take what we've been through
And we can feel brand-new [Ooh-ooh-ooh]
Hitch: Sunny Starscout, you are under arre—
(*She cuts him off by slamming the door and throws her back against it. Here comes Cloudpuff again; both mares yell as he dives for Sunny's saddlebag, extracts the crown, and races off with it in his teeth.*)
Pipp: I know I am a fighter, I feel the fire
Sunny: No!
Pipp: I'm shining brighter [Ooh-ooh-ooh]

Rhythm guitar out

(*They set off after him, while Hitch bangs the doors open to chase them down in turn. He finds himself in the throne room, tail and hindquarters involuntarily twitching to the beat, but indignantly suppresses the response and stalks off after his quarry.*)

Pipp: Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
Rhythm guitar in
Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
(*Here comes Cloudpuff, with Sunny and Izzy hot on his tail; two guards move closer for a better view of the show, prompting Izzy to gasp and both to dive out of sight.*)
Glowin' up kinda love, we say, "hi," you say, "what?"

(*Sunny can only watch in horror as the winged canine makes a beeline for the thrones' dais. He stops facing Haven at the bottom of the central ramp, but she pays no mind.*)

Pipp: Everywhere that I've been, yeah, they say I'm different
But I'm good in my skin [Ooh-ooh]
(*Zipp is first to spot him and leave her seat, sliding down the incline and grabbing hold of the wingtips on the Pegasus Crystal. A vigorous tug-of-war ensues.*)
Zipp: (*straining*) Give…it…to…me!
(*She ends up holding the gold portion, but Cloudpuff gets away with the actual crystal and is off like a shot through the crowd, chased by her.*)
Pipp: If it doesn't feel right, break it in with tie-dye
And don't you stop 'til sunrise
(*Sunny gasps at the approach of Hitch, who spots them and gives a sardonic grin; she and Izzy back-pedal through a nearby curtain.*)
We don't fly like we used to, we take what we've been through
And we can feel brand-new [Ooh-ooh-ooh]

(*Cut to their side on the "ooh-ooh-ooh," the song becoming noticeably muffled by the heavy fabric. The tech at the backstage control panel claps eyes on them, screams in fright, and jitters in place.*)

Tech stallion: It's the prisoners! (*He runs circles around the console; the mares try in vain to interceipt.*)
Sunny: No, no, no! Shh, shh!
Izzy: Quiet!

(*This kerfuffle prevents the next lyric line—"I know I am a fighter, I feel the fire"—from being heard at all. Back to the throne room, the song now clearly heard again.*)

Pipp: I'm shining brighter [Ooh-ooh-ooh]

(*Here comes Cloudpuff, running flat out to keep ahead of Zipp; she gets caught up in a knot of attendees, while he runs into Hitch's legs and loses the Pegasus Crystal.*)

Piano/synth chords only, with hi-hat and handclaps

Pipp: We got the light, we're coming in stronger
Hitch: Huh?
(*The pooch gives him a big doggy smile and a whine of purest joy.*)
Pipp: We're in it together, if you want it, it's all inside your mind
We got the light

(*Backstage on "if you want it," the song muffled again: Sunny and Izzy in close-up, addressing the camera.*)

Sunny: It's okay, don't be scared.
Izzy: We're not gonna fry your brain, okay?

(*Cut to just behind them; they are speaking to the fear-paralyzed tech, who voices a strangled cry and backs up against the control panel. One hoof, thrown out to support his weight, comes squarely down on a button. In response, the spotlights on Pipp begin to falter.*)

Music stutters and skips as a pre-recorded backing track

Pipp: What the—?

Music resumes; dance beat

(*A single spot picks out Hitch; he freezes in his tracks.*)

Hitch: Huh?
Crowd: Huh?
Hitch: (*stammering, speaking out of rhythm, dancing badly*)
Throwin' up, find a glove, fly around, up above
Rhythm guitar in
(*The puzzled trio backstage, watching him on a monitor.*)
(*falsetto*) Doin' stuff that I love, you're like, "Why?" I'm like, "What?"
Pipp: What is happening?

(*Cloudpuff whines his discomfort at this butchering of the song.*)

Hitch: Crisp and dry, eat some mud, glowing up, lovey-dove
You say, "Why?"

Music cuts off abruptly

(*In his mad scramble to get away from Sunny and Izzy, the tech hits several buttons, killing the audio track, and yanks a switch that sends Pipp swinging and rising out of all control.*)

Pipp: Whoooaaa!

(*She trails off into a scream as Hitch and the crowd gasp in fright; Zipp seizes the moment to retrieve the dropped Pegasus Crystal and sneak away with it.*)

Pipp: Whoooaaa!

(*The frantically yelling tech barges out through the curtain; his two "assailants" follow him out and are met by Zipp.*)

Zipp: I got it! (*Sunny takes it from her.*)
Sunny: Yes!
Zipp: Let's go! (*All three hit the gas, but Hitch spots them.*)
Hitch: Freeze!

(*They do so, catching sight of him across the throne room with a triple gasp, but resume their hasty exit as a hubbub breaks out in the crowd.*)

Mare: It's the prisoners! (*Cut to Hitch on the end of this.*)
Pipp: Whoooaaa!

(*This swing is close enough to dislodge his fake wings. A scream rings out from the mare.*)

Mare: Another earth pony!

(*He clears out, his cover well and truly blown, and the pop star makes one more yelling midair pass before coming to a sudden dead stop. She winds up dangling upside down over Haven's throne, the few active spotlights trained squarely on her and picking out her wires for all to see. A beat of dead silence is followed by a disbelieving gasp from all present on the ground.*)

Spectators: She's a fake!…Fake!

(*Another brings up a camera to capture the moment on film; cut to a chagrined Pipp.*)

Spectator voice: The royals can't fly either?

(*Zipp halts and looks back across the space with a soft gasp, seeing the wide, pleading eyes of her inverted younger sister.*)

Spectator voice: Fake!
Pipp: Zipp?

(*As Sunny and Izzy race for the door, the former runs into Zipp and the booty flies out of her saddlebag.*)

Sunny: Zipp! Hurry! (*She gallops away.*)
Spectator voices: They can't fly?…Fake!…She's faking it!

(*Zipp's brain starts working again, and she follows the other two away—none of them noticing that the Pegaus Crystal has fallen to the floor. Pipp is left at the mercy of the spotlights' glare and the clicking of camera shutters as dozens of phones are held up to get a good clear shot.*)

Spectator voice: She's a fake!

(*One phone's flash fills the screen with its light.*)

Act Three

(*The glare clears to show Sunny, Izzy, and Zipp pelting along a city street. They are barely keeping ahead of Hitch as police sirens begin to wail through the night.*)

Zipp: Quick! This way!

(*They take a sharp left into an alley and stop, Hitch coming to rest behind a trash can and very nearly wiping it out.*)

Hitch: Okay. I think we lost 'em.

(*A winged rat scampers out from behind the container and hugs one of his hind legs with a joyful little squeak in close-up. Cut to all four again on the start of the next line.*)

Sunny: Hitch, what are you even doing here?
Hitch: (*shaking the rat off*) Arresting you! And…saving you, so, you know, little bit of both, actually. (*indignantly*) You're welcome!
Zipp: (*chuckling sarcastically, stepping up to him*) Oh, gee, thanks. But we don't need any saving, okay?
Hitch: And you are…?
Izzy: Her mom is the Queen!
Hitch: Wait a minute. (*to Zipp*) So that means…you're a princess?
Zipp: (*dryly*) Huh. Look at that. The Sheriff just became a detective.
Hitch: What?

(*A glare washes over the group from o.s.; he turns to its source on the start of the next line—a screen broadcasting a news bulletin delivered by Dazzle, one of the two anchors on the morning news show.*)

Dazzle: Breaking story. (*A graphic of the upside-down Pipp appears next to her, marked by a "BREAKING NEWS" caption.*) Zephyr Heights is in turmoil tonight after the shocking revelation that the royals cannot fly.

(*Cut to a quick series of "pony on the street" interviews being conducted for this story.*)

Interview subjects: Pipp used to be my favorite!…If we can't trust our own royalty, who *can* we trust?…I blame the unicorns and the earth ponies. They ruin everything!

(*Cut to a dumbfounded Sunny on this last sentence, then back to Dazzle as a sheet is passed to her. Pipp's picture is gone from the screen now.*)

Dazzle: This just in. (*skimming page, slamming it down*) Queen Haven has been arrested for being a phony pony full of baloney.

(*Zipp gasps; cut to Haven being escorted along the red carpet and away from the palace by two guards as cameras snap away from all sides. She is no longer wearing the fake crown.*)

Haven: No comment! And no photos! (*Pause.*) Okay, one photo.

(*She strikes a glamorous, smiling pose with one foreleg raised, and a flash pops to capture it. The bulletin ends.*)

Hitch: Anypony care to explain?
Sunny: We had to get the crystal. (*reaching into saddlebag*) Look. (*finding nothing*) Oh, no, no, no, no, no! It's not here!
Zipp: Seriously?
Izzy: On the bright side, we had so much fun losing it.
Sunny: We have to go back!
Zipp: But it could be anywhere!

(*The rattle of a tin can brings a sudden halt to the discussion; all four turn toward the noise and are greeted by the sight of a silhouette at the opposite end of the alley. Zoom in quickly to a close-up as the figure emerges into the light—a noticeably disheveled and disgruntled Pipp.*)

Pipp: (*holding up Pegasus Crystal*) Somepony seriously needs to explain why this thing was so important that you had to ruin my whole show over it!

(*As she finishes, the camera shifts to frame the item being held before the other four, Zipp's face brightens and she crosses to her sister.*)

Zipp: Trust me, it was. (*She reaches for it, but Pipp yanks it away.*)
Pipp: You left me hanging there, in the spotlight! Now everypony knows we can't fly!

(*Feeling her phone vibrate, she brings it out and finds it to be playing a second bulletin. Now Haven's mug shot is displayed next to Dazzle.*)

Dazzle: A warrant is out for the arrest of the Princesses. (*Haven's image expands to fill the screen.*)
Haven: Pipp, Zipp, save yourselves!

(*She swiftly arranges her face into a dignified profile pose and her picture is taken.*)

Pipp: *What?!?* This is not happening. This is *so* not happening! (*Phone away.*)
Zipp: *Pipp!* (*Younger sister snaps to with a gasp.*) Forget about all that. We think we can bring back magic, but we need that crystal.
Pipp: Have you lost your mind?
Zipp: Please. This might be our only chance.
Pipp: (*groaning loudly*) Fine! I know a way out. Come on.

(*She gallops back the way she came, the other three mares following.*)

Hitch: (*incredulously*) What? Wait, you can't just— (*petulantly*) —but I'm a sheriff!

(*He growls softly to himself in supreme frustration. Cut to a close-up of a Canterlogic-branded crate bathed in the sporadic glare of an o.s. welding rig and pan to follow a factory employee pushing a cart of tools across the shop floor. The plant is abuzz with new activity and a fair bit darker and grimier than it appeared during the annual show. The camera follows a giant ceiling-mounted clamp as it carries a tiny gear wheel up past a scaffolding on whose support frame one pony is taking a nap. Two others on the topmost platform, doing a bit of measuring on a particularly large piece of equipment, are forced to duck away in a hurry when a large-bore pipe swings into view. It hits the thing end-on, barely missing them and leaving a pronounced indentation in the metal surface.*)

Worker stallion: (*shaking a hoof angrily*) Hey!

(*Here it comes again for another near miss, this time arcing sideways and ridden by yet another Canterlogic employee who is yelling in sheer terror. The pipe reaches its peak near a glass-lined elevator shaft in one corner of the factory and begins to swing back as a car descends into view. Within it is a solitary figure, so brightly backlit in an uncomfortable shade of green that it is visible only in silhouette. The elevator reaches the ground floor, the doors already open and guarded by an impassive Toots and Sweets, and hisses to a stop. Cut to a close-up of the rider's hooves and tilt up slowly in time with the sound of sepulchral respirations that sound as if they are being filtered through a breathing apparatus. A high raised collar can be discerned around the head, and the figure slowly advances into the light. It is Sprout, drinking a smoothie through a straw; the collar is of a dark green material edged in gold. His breathing returns to normal, the mechanical sound perhaps having been caused by the echo of his slurping in the elevator.*)

Sprout: Ahhh.

(*Longer shot: he steps out, passing the empty cup to Sweets. He has ditched his sash in favor of the collar, which is secured by a gold copy of the badge decoration he took from the office.*)

Sprout: Why aren't you finished yet? (*Toots hurries to catch up; Sweets gives the cup to another pony.*)
Toots: (*nervously*) W-We're working as fast as we can, but—but we've run out of rivets.
Sprout: (*sarcastically, rolling eyes*) Riveting story. (*Fake chuckle; then he grabs Toots's tie and drags him closer.*) Just make it work, okay?

(*The two employees scuttle away as the pipe swings past, still occupied by a screaming laborer.*)

Phyllis: (*from o.s., sweetly*) Sugar cube… (*Cut to her crossing the floor to him.*) …I know your little top secret project is important and all, but when do you think my workers can get back to making Canterlogic products?

(*She is cut off by the growing sound of a yell, and the pony uttering it drops into view and hits the floor with a loud groan.*)

Sprout: (*to him*) Back to work, Glitter Cupcake! (*Mother and son begin to walk as he staggers upright and is hoisted away by a clamp.*)
Phyllis: And it is my factory, after all, dear.
Sprout: (*whining*) But it's my town, Mommy! (*regaining confidence*) Your son's now Emperor of Maretime Bay! (*They stop.*)
Phyllis: Emperor? (*scoffing*) But yesterday you were only the Sheriff.
Sprout: Well, see how fast I'm climbing the ranks? This defense factory is going on offense! And it's all thanks to your love and encouragement.

(*"Defense" and "offense" are pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. He strides away, face and voice instantly hardening as Phyllis aims a very concerned gaze after him.*)

Sprout: (*addressing himself o.s.*) Break's over, Bubblegum McGinty!
Phyllis: (*to herself*) Oh, dear. Somepony's getting a big head.

(*She walks off after her son as welding is carried out behind a floor-to-ceiling translucent screen set up as a glare protector. Flashes from the sparks give split-second views of a colossal framework being assembled.*)

(*Cut to a long shot of a tree standing alone on a rise in a meadow, under a blue daytime sky filled with happy white clouds. The trunk is extremely thick and gnarled, splitting off into broad limbs topped with a profusion of pink blossoms. On the start of the next line, cut to Sunny, Izzy, and Zipp nearby and consulting Sunny's journal.*)

Sunny: That's the tree from the map! (*looking around herself*) That means… (*indicating a direction*) …it's this way!

(*All three move out, exposing an annoyed Hitch and Pipp some distance back; the former has shed his fake mustache and his badge, and the latter has had a chance to groom herself properly. They start across the grassland with considerable reluctance.*)

Hitch: What am I even doing here? Hoofing it across daisy fields, looking for a magical crystal that doesn't even exist!
Pipp: It was supposed to be my best show ever, and now it's all over. I'm a criminal! (*bitterly*) And it's all because of—
Hitch, Pipp: —them!
Pipp: And that is *so* not cool.
Hitch: No, it is not. (*Pause, in both gait and speech.*) Did I just agree with a pegasus?

(*Said pegasus hustles to catch up with her sister.*)

Pipp: Hey! Are you sure she even knows where to find this other crystal?
Zipp: Don't you trust me at all?
Pipp: (*very snarky*) I don't know. You *are* the one that just got Mom thrown in jail!

Zipp: Look. Once we get our magic back, the whole kingdom will be so excited, they won't even remember what happened back there. You'll be a hero, Pipp.

(*Pipp mulls this over as Hitch pulls even with Sunny.*)

Hitch: Let's get one thing straight.
Sunny: (*ignoring him*) We're almost to the river, everypony!
Hitch: After this whole escapade is over with, you are gonna march back home to Maretime Bay with me. Is that clear?
Sunny: (*calmly*) Crystal.
Hitch: Great! (*touching his sash*) Because this badge means that I'm the She—

(*He trails off into a yelp upon finding his badge gone.*)

Hitch: No, no, no, no, no! Where's my badge? (*pointing at Izzy*) Hey, you!
Izzy: Hm?
Hitch: I know unicorns like shiny things!
Izzy: Oh, you know, I think I did see a shiny badge-y thing on the ground a few hours ago. (*Cut to Hitch as she finishes.*)
Hitch: What?! Hours?
Izzy: Well, maybe it's for the best. Between you and me, buddy… (*aside to him, behind a hoof*) …that badge was creating an unhealthy power dynamic.

(*She trots merrily away, singing all the while and leaving the hapless law-pony to stew in his misfortune. Cut to an overhead shot of the party approaching one end of a stone bridge that extends out over a ravine, then to a head-on view. Surprise registers on one face after another, and Sunny voices a gasp as the camera zooms up and out to a long overhead shot. The central third of the span has crumbled away, leaving only air between the remaining stubs and the river far below. Back to the group.*)

Sunny: What are we gonna do?
Pipp: (*pointedly*) Any ideas, Zipp?
Zipp: You know what would be great right now? Let me think. (*spreading wings*) Maybe something like the ability to fly!
Pipp: You know what would be even better? Not being stuck in the middle of nowhere as outcasts from our own kingdom!
Hitch: (*casually, over end of previous and obscuring Zipp's response*) Oh, well, that's the end of that. Time to go home. I wish I could say it was nice meeting all of you, but it wasn't. Come on, Sunny.
Pipp: (*to Zipp*) I don't think so!
Sunny: (*really fed up*) Everypony, stop!

(*Those two words freeze both the sisters and the Sheriff. Izzy starts to gravitate toward a tree planted near the bridge.*)

Sunny: We're gonna get to the other side, find the crystal, and bring back magic! And once we do…

(*Cut to a smirking Zipp; the sound of something tapping against wood is heard.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) …*you'll* get to fly… (*To Pipp.*) …*you'll* get your fans back… (*Grin; pan quickly to Hitch.*) …and *you'll* have me in custody. (*He smirks; back to her.*) Everypony happy now?

(*Her burst of rancor comes to a screeching halt due to two outside influences in quick succession from o.s. The first is the unmistakable sound of creaking, splintering wood, while the second is a mighty crash. The camera pans to follow her uncomprehending eyes over to Izzy, who is now standing by the freshly cut stump of the tree she found. Sawdust clouds the air in her immediate vicinity, and the end of the trunk protrudes just into view from the direction of the ravine. Evidently she brought it down by using her horn like a woodpecker's beak and/or chipping away at it with her hooves.*)

Izzy: Ta-da!

(*Pan to the ravine, showing that the tree has fallen parallel to the bridge and formed an alternate path across. All others but Hitch smile at her accomplishment.*)

Zipp: All right!
Hitch: (*sourly*) Ah, great.
Sunny: Come on, everypony!

(*The five put hooves to bark and start across. Tilt up from them into the sky, where the earth pony stallion who tried out the Earth Pony Balloon Escape Pack during the Canterlogic show is drifting among the clouds.*)

Balloon tester: (*distant, drawn-out*) HEEEELLLLP!!

(*Cut to an extreme close-up of a pile of kindling wood laid within a ring of stones. Sunny strikes her hoof against one piece to generate a spark and ignite the fuel; a longer shot frames her and the other three mares around the new fire, placed at the base of a rock formation. Hitch watches at a distance in the foreground, positioned so that only the back of his head is in view. A quick flap of Zipp's wings brings in enough oxygen to get a lively flame going. Night has fallen.*)

Izzy: Oh, yeah!

(*Pipp laughs in delight; cut to the stallion, who is having no luck at all starting his own fire.*)

Izzy: (*from o.s.*) Nailed it!
Hitch: (*growling, rubbing sticks together*) Come on, you stupid stick! (*All five again.*)
Zipp: You need some backup, Sheriff?

Hitch: (*angrily*) No! (*more politely*) Thank you. I've got it. (*under his breath*) Come on…if only I had a match… (*He achieves ignition.*) Ah!

(*The tiny glowing spot almost immediately goes out, bringing a snarl.*)

Zipp: (*aside, to Sunny*) Oh, well, that was sad to watch. (*aloud, to Hitch*) Come on. Don't be a hero, dude. (*Sunny crosses to him.*) Come get warm.
Hitch: Are you sure about all of this? 'Cause if we just go back to Maretime Bay…
Sunny: What have we got to lose?
Hitch: Like giving magic back to our enemies? (*sarcastically, standing up*) Ah, let me think. I know—a lot!
Sunny: Come on. (*glancing toward others*) Do they look like enemies to you?

(*Those "enemies" are now quite comfortable around their fire.*)

Pipp: (*to Izzy*) My sparkle's aquamarine? (*escitedly, flapping wings*) That's, like, my sixth-favorite color!
Hitch: (*sighing*) I don't know. Maybe I should just go back to Maretime Bay, where I'm needed.
Sunny: If that's what you want, but…you should know. I'm actually glad you're here, Hitch. (*crossing to fire*) We all are.

(*She sits with the others and offers him a beckoning smile and toss of the head; after a long moment's deliberation, he blows his breath out hard enough to flap his lips and approaches the fire. He plunks his haunches on the ground just beyond the circle of light it is casting and lets off an irritated sigh. Close-up of Sunny.*)

Sunny: So, I think we should set off at first light. Last stop, Bridlewood.

(*Her face falls; cut to an uncharacteristically downhearted Izzy.*)

Sunny: What's wrong, Izzy?
Izzy: It's just that…being with you ponies has been the best thing that's ever happened to me. I guess…I just don't want our adventure to end.
Sunny: But, Izzy…you'll get your magic. (*Izzy smiles at the thought; now Hitch has moved a bit closer.*)
Hitch: (*to Izzy*) Can I ask you a question? (*She turns to him.*) W…why *did* you come to Maretime Bay?
Izzy: I always wanted to visit. When I was a filly, I found this pretty lantern. (*fishing in her mane*) It had a message inside. (*She produces a folded paper.*) It—it sad I had friends in Maretime Bay.

(*As she finishes, she unfolds it and the camera cuts to a close-up—the very message that Sunny and Argyle wrote/drew and cast to the winds in the prologue. Sunny is absolutely floored at the sight of it after so much time, her eyes widening and a huge smile stealing across her face.*)

Izzy: (*making the connection*) It…it was you. (*She passes it to Hitch…*)
Sunny: I made it with my dad. (*…and he in turn passes it to her.*) We always promised each other that someday, we would prove that all ponies were meant to be friends. "We'll do our part, hoof to heart."

(*She looks from one to another, lost in the happy memories of her youth. Izzy and Pipp each lift a front hoof and touch them together, and Sunny and Zipp trade a smile at this small gesture of inter-tribal reconciliation. It is some moments before Hitch speaks up with audible hesitation.*)

Hitch: Hey, um…I want to do my part. (*Sunny throws him a warm smile.*) What have we got to lose, right?
Izzy: All right!
Zipp: Whoo!
Izzy, Pipp: (*drumming hooves on ground*) Woo-hoo! (*Zipp laughs.*)
Hitch: Hey, I have to admit, a unicorn forest does sound kinda magical.

(*Cut to a long shot of the group standing before the entrance to a vastly overgrown, mist-shrouded forest the following morning. Even from this distance, it is far too easy to pick out the multiplicity of warning signs and their general message—"non-unicorns, beat it!" A head-on shot yields exactly one pony out of the five who is actually happy to be here.*)

Hitch: Or not.

(*The path into Bridlewood looks no more inviting up close, but Izzy is quick to take the lead.*)

Izzy: Come on! My house isn't far from here!

(*She trots in among the trees, singing a bit, and is soon lost from sight; Sunny and Hitch begin to follow, apprehension broadcast loud and clear from both faces. Inside the forest proper, the five move along a wide trail that is only dimly lit from the sparse sunlight filtering in through the dense canopy. Izzy's singing drops to a hum as she walks point; in time, she brings the crew into a cheerful clearing with plenty of natural illumination. Before them is a three-story house built into the roots and trunk of a massive old tree that projects at an angle from the base of a small hill. Masses of pink and green flowers spill over the balconies on the upper two stories; the front door is bright red-orange, set with a small triangular window, and mounted in an arched frame.*)

Izzy: Well, here we are, guys. (*Inside; she throws the door open.*) The Villa Izzy. (*Step aside so the others can enter.*)
Other four: (*smiling, awestruck*) Whoa!/Wow!

(*A change in camera angles reveals what they have found, namely a space filled with a dizzying variety of craft projects on walls, shelves, and floors; one or two are even suspended from the ceiling. Strings of small light bulbs glow warmly, hung up both on this story and along a ramp leading up to a balcony. Hitch inspects a canvas bearing a rough likeness of Twilight made from macaroni and small objects, with an ice cream cone stuck on for a horn, and gets no small*

surprise when its eyes suddenly flick toward him. Elsewhere, Sunny has found a cylindrical drum mounted horizontally in a frame, with kitchen implements of various lengths protruding radially; when she turns the drum using a crank at one end, these strike bottles suspended from the frame to play the first four bars of the My Little Pony theme/jingle. Pipp and Zipp approach Izzy, who is looking blissfully at a mobile hung with small butterflies in a rainbow of colors.)

Zipp: Did you make all of this?
Izzy: Yep! Uni-cycling. Isn't it funky?
Pipp: (*singsong, fluttering wings*) It is gorgeous! (*Close-up of Izzy.*)
Izzy: (*holding up a bowl of trinkets*) I also make friendship bracelets!
Zipp: (*from o.s.*) Oh, cool!
Izzy: Wait! Wait! Watch this! Hold everything! (*dropping bowl, pushing an item over to them*) Ah! I've never gotten to use it with actual friends!

(*"It" has the appearance of a very large pink flower with petals tightly furled, mounted on a wheeled base. Voicing a giddy little laugh, she presses a hidden switch; the petals fold outward to form a table, six in all, with a teacup at the end of each and a pot in the center. Hitch moves in for a closer look.*)

Izzy: Ta-da!
Zipp: Whoa!
Pipp: (*gasping happily*) I *so* wish I had live-streamed that. (*Izzy lifts a cup.*)
Sunny: We don't have time for that right now! (*Cut to a suddenly worried Izzy and back as she continues.*) If we're gonna get the information we need on the Unicorn Crystal, we can't stick out like sore hooves. We need to look like unicorns.
Pipp: Yay, makeovers! I love makeovers.
Zipp: (*laughing nervously*) No, no. This is not—this is not what I signed up for, no.
Sunny: So, Izzy, can you do it?
Izzy: (*smiling*) A glow-up? (*She drains her cup and plunks it down with a calculating grin.*) Honey, you came to the right cottage.

Staccato piano/string chords with light percussion, fast 4 (C major)

(*She sets up a slide projector on a stool, dons a pair of oversized round eyeglasses, and scoots back to a screen showing an image of three unsavory-looking earth ponies.*)

Izzy: I thought earth ponies were the pony ladder's bottom rung
(*Next slide: a trio of ne'er-do-well pegasi.*)
I heard the pegasi were brutes you'd hate to be among
(*to Sunny/Hitch, Pipp, Zipp in turn, speaking the first two quotes and singing the third*)
"You smell like fishes!" "You're vicious!" "I bet you eat your young"
(*The screen now shows three each of both tribes, spoiling for a fight.*)
Meet any one of you, the thing to do is run away

Light electric guitar over sustained chords and string riffs; drums/bass in

(*Ditching the specs, she leads Sunny and Pipp in a lively dance across the room.*)

Izzy: But although I know we're all a bunch of different breeds
Take away our wings and horns, and we're just frightened steeds
So let's put aside our differences, 'cause what we need's a win, oh-h-h
(*Galloping up to the balcony, she drapes herself backward over its railing.*)
Come on, rip out all the pages of your history book
(*Pull a cord to send a shower of volumes tumbling past the camera; now she slides over to Zipp, whose unease begins to fade.*)
Just because we're undercover doesn't mean we're crooks
(*She bucks a rolling stool across the floor so that it collides with Hitch's legs and he falls into it.*)
When we walk you through the crowd and give your brand-new looks a spin
(*It carries him over to a vanity mirror, whereupon she whirls the seat.*)

A cappella

You're gonna fit right in

Original staccato chords with added horn accents

(*Once the spin stops, he finds himself wearing a neck cloth and a faceful of foundation makeup.*)

Hitch: This is a new low.
Izzy: You're gonna fit right in (*She adds touches of blush to his cheeks.*)
Hitch: It's never gonna work!
(*He pushes back from the vanity and is instantly upright, cloth and cosmetics gone. Behind him, a silhouette of a pony is visible through a curtain, raising an implement as if to stab.*)
They taught us unicorns were super-scary maniacs
(*The curtain opens; the "menace" is actually Izzy holding a hair dryer. He points out her tongue and teeth in turn.*)
With horns like razors and tongues like Tasers and teeth like tacks
(*She proceeds to gorge herself from a box labeled "Grinded Pony Hooves."*)
They take your hooves and then they grind 'em into midnight snacks
(*twirling a hoof by his temple in the classic "screw loose" gesture*)
The basic gist of it is, unicorns are not okay

Light guitar over sustained chords, string riffs, horn accents; drums/bass in

(*Sunny pulls him away, the background becoming a multicolored umbrella that twirls away.*)

Sunny: Look, I know we're risking everything for this endeavor
(*Two of them are lifted clear of the floor, held by Pipp and Zipp.*)
But look at us, we're brave and strong and weird and clever
(*Izzy takes wing and mane measurements on the elder sister.*)
We're running out of options and we're desperate to begin

A cappella

Izzy: You're gonna fit right in

Original staccato chords with horn accents

Hitch: (*chuckling, but not convinced*) If you say so.
Sunny, Izzy: You're gonna fit right in
Izzy: (*winking, spoken in rhythm*) I know you will, now watch and learn

String chords with quiet ticking percussion, stoptime (C minor)
Last word of next three lines is spoken rather than sung

(*The curtain behind her parts to expose a brilliant white light, which grows to fill the screen as she steps through. Snap to the five moving along a flight of floating, multicolored steps against a backdrop of giant cardboard rainbows suspended from cables.*)

Izzy: This is how a unicorn walks, walks
(*The steps disintegrate, dumping them onto the set of a late-night talk show.*)
This is how a unicorn talks, talks
(*Now she is on a basketball court, hefting the sphere on a front hoof and facing away from the goal. She slings it over her shoulder without looking and gets nothing but net.*)
This is how a unicorn hoops, hoops?
(*Pan quickly to the other four, each holding a ball and regarding it with puzzlement. They go zero-for-four in their attempts to sink a shot and almost knock her silly in the bargain.*)
This is how a unicorn
(*spoken in rhythm*)
Hitch: Oops!
Sunny: Oh!
Zipp: Geez!
Izzy: Stop!

Guitar/bass/percussion/organ in; stoptime ends

(*Four-way split screen, with a different guest trotting in place in each corner and Izzy superimposed on them at the center. Hitch has a bit of trouble matching the others' cadence.*)

Izzy: This is how a unicorn struts
(*Extreme close-up of her gyrating rump, zooming out to put the others in line and following suit, lit by two banks of spotlights. Hitch is out of sync with the mares.*)
Oh, watch us shake our unicorn butts
(*to Sunny*) Now you're in the unicorn know
Sunny: Whoa.
(*Zoom out quickly; the two stand at the top of a multicolored staircase, flanked by two towering horn-shaped stereo speakers against a backdrop of concentric gold stars.*)
Izzy: Soon you'll be a unicorn pro

Rap; synthesized percussion with heavy bass; half-time feel

(*Izzy now appears wearing a pair of louvered sunglasses and a baseball cap decorated with a star and heart, with a hole cut for her horn to protrude. More speakers are set up behind her.*)

Izzy: Oh, a unicorn horn makes a unicorn stride
It's the more-head on your forehead, it's the source of your pride
(*The others stand with their backs to a wall, horns traced above their skulls in different shades of glowing neon.*)
Every unicorn who's born has worn a horn that's unique
(*Izzy whips out her materials and sets to the job, sending showers of trimmings past Sunny's face and ultimately outfitting her with a horn that has a pinwheel at its tip. A picture frame outlines the earth pony's head and shoulders.*)
So I'll whip them up as we speak, you'll be looking *très magnifuque*

Guitar in, building a G major chord note by note

(*A wall of speakers rises past the camera; behind these, the view wipes to all five sporting louvered shades and horns—one genuine, four fakes in assorted colors. The pinwheel is gone from Sunny's.*)

Izzy: And with those rocks in our pockets, we'll reap the reward
And folks'll be floored, we'll strike a new chord, our magic restored

Rap ends; full instrumentation in; half-time feel ends (D flat major)

(*Sunny sings against a backdrop of glittery rainbow stripes. The others join the tableau in turn—first Izzy, then Pipp and Zipp, and finally Hitch. All have shed their shades, Izzy no longer wears her cap, and the sisters are wearing shawls to conceal their wings.*)

Sunny, Hitch, Izzy: Lately all Equestria has lost its heart
But if we can help to find it, we should play our part
Hitch: If we fail, we'll go to prison
Sunny: But if not, we'll start to grin
Izzy: So let's begin
A cappella
Sunny, Izzy: We're gonna fit right in

Music resumes (D flat minor)

(*Izzy stands by the curtain, ushering them out from the back room one by one. First is Pipp, who smiles and winks as she peels off to the left.*)

Izzy: This is how a unicorn walks

(*Zipp offers a cocky waggle of her head before turning right.*)
This is how a unicorn talks
(*Hitch struts out with a suave grin and exits left.*)
Now you're looking unicorn strong
(*She holds the last note of this line long enough for Sunny to strike a pose with her, and they zip to the open front door of the house.*)

<u>A cappella</u>; final two lines spoken in rhythm

Izzy: This is how a unicorn
Sunny, Izzy: Ends this song

Song ends with a stinger

(*Door slams shut at the same instant, leaving them outside.*)

(*Cut to the upper reaches of one stretch of the forest and tilt down to ground level. Izzy leads the rest of the gang along the path, which is much more brightly lit than the one they followed to reach her house. She darts ahead with a bubbly giggle, stopping to gesture grandly at one of several sizable crystal formations that jut from the ground.*)

Izzy: Ta-da! Crystals! (*zipping to three others in turn*) Crystals! Crystals! Crystals! (*Cut to Sunny/Hitch/Zipp; she continues o.s.*) Crystals! Crystals! Crystals!
Zipp: (*to Sunny, under end of previous*) She does know we're just looking for the one, right?

(*Sunny allows herself a humoring smile as the group moves on. Overhead view.*)

Izzy: (*still pointing them out*) Crystals!

(*The camera descends to ground level behind them, revealing masses of both crystals and flowers in great abundance on either side of their path. Dead ahead is a scattering of ponies and their homes, built into tree trunks/roots like Izzy's.*)

Izzy: (*softly, dramatically*) Crystals.

(*She trots ahead with a giddy squeal and giggle, but a cut to some of the locals discloses that they most certainly do not share her mood. They trudge about or sit listlessly on their haunches, heads down and countenances saturated with gloom; one old mare does not even twitch when an apple falls from a branch and bounces off her head.*)

Old mare: Ow. (*It happens again.*) Ow.

(*Elsewhere, one foal is trying to toss horseshoes onto the horn of another, with only limited success, as a teenage colt and mare watch.*)

Teen mare: Hey.
Teen colt: Hey.

(*Not even the presence of playground equipment is enough to coax any joy out of the youngsters using it. Two of them slump over a swing and seesaw, and a third is very slowly coming down the slide as if it were covered with glue. Back to the group on the start of the next line.*)

Hitch: Well, this is…cheerful. (*He peels off.*)
Sunny: (*to Izzy*) These other unicorns seem *soooo* different than you.
Izzy: Yeah, I get that a lot. My sparkle is a bit too sparkly for Bridlewood. (*Hitch stops to inspect a crystal outcropping by the playground.*)
Hitch: How can we tell which ones are magic? (*The colt on the swing snaps to life, pointing an accusatory hoof.*)
Swing colt: Oooooh, you said a bad word! (*Back to Hitch on the end of this.*)
Hitch: Huh?
Swing colt: Hurry! Before we get jinxed!

(*He and the other two on the playground carry out the following actions. First: lie flat on the ground and raise their hindquarters while voicing a rising tone. Second: sit upright and buzz their lips. Third: shift between upright and a crouch while saying "hee-haw-bing," ending up with the legs on one side planted and the others lifted as high as they will go. Fourth: say "bing-bong" four times while hopping from side to side. Cut to the five on the final repetition, all but Izzy displaying some measure of bewilderment at the whole routine.*)

Zipp: O…kay? (*to Izzy*) I'm gonna need some context. (*Izzy gets serious, lowering her voice.*)
Izzy: Unicorns are *very* superstitious. If a pony ever says a forbidden word, we have to do a ritual to ward off the jinxies.
Pipp: Jinxies?
Izzy: Bad luck.
Hitch: Forbidden words?
Izzy: "Magic," "wing," "feather"…oh! And "mayonnaise."
Hitch: What's wrong with mayon—

(*She is quick to clap a hoof over his mouth and make shushing noises; a passing mare freezes in her tracks upon hearing the first two syllables, but goes on her way when the third fails to follow them. Only after she has cleared off does Izzy remove the hoof, allowing Hitch to refill his lungs, and return to normal speaking volume.*)

Izzy: (*cheerfully, to all*) Come on! There's something I want to show you.

(*She leads them along the path. Cut to a long shot of the entrance to the Crystal Tea Room, as indicated by the steam-emitting, teapot-shaped sign mounted above and to one side. The double doors are stained glass, one showing a pot and the other a cup, and built into the side of a low, broad hill. Back to the approaching group on the start of the following.*)

Sunny: The Crystal Tea Room?
Izzy: There's a pony inside who collects crystals. Maybe he could help us.
Sunny: That's great, Izzy! Oh, and Hitch—

Hitch: (*rolling eyes*) I know, I know. No forbidden words.

(*Tilt up to the sign as he finishes, zooming in slowly, then cut to an extreme close-up of a cup being raised for a sip inside. It is lowered out of view to present the interior of the shop. Low stone tables; a raised stage area at the far end, backed by a stained-glass window; inadequate illumination from the glass, overhead lamps, and candles on the tables. A mare is on the stage, reciting poetry in a low, apathetic voice while a stallion accompanies her on a pair of bongos.*)

Poet: Earth pony jinx. Something stinks.
Pegasus neighs…

(*The remainder is lost under the following exchange, which begins with a cut to Sunny and Izzy as they slip up behind a seated customer stallion during the second line above.*)

Izzy: (*hushed*) That's the pony I was talking about! (*Sunny circles to face the fellow.*)
Sunny: (*slyly*) So, word in the forest is, you collect crystals. (*A spark of unease on his face as all five gather around the table.*)
Seated customer: Yes. I do. Well, I mean, I did. I lost them all in a limbo contest with… (*Zoom in to a close-up.*) …Alphabittle! (*Pan quickly to Izzy.*)
Izzy: Oh, no.
Sunny: Who's Alphabittle?

(*A bell is loudly rung; cut to a close-up of it hanging from the ceiling and zoom out. The ringer is a tall, stocky gray stallion with dark gray hooves standing behind a counter, sporting a short white mane/beard/sideburns in an uneven cut. Alphabittle's eyes are brown, framed by bushy white brows and birdcatcher spots on the cheeks, and his horn is light blue. The shelves behind the counter are stocked with a mélange of trophies and trinkets. He addresses a pony seated at the counter, who is fiddling madly with a small item.*)

Alphabittle: Time's up! Pass it over, Jasper.

(*A closer shot reveals that Jasper has been trying to solve a scaled-down Rubik's Cube, with four squares per face instead of the usual nine. He returns it to Alphabittle with a defeated grunt, and the elder stallion proceeds to give it a few faster-than-thought twists and slam it to the counter, completely solved.*)

Alphabittle: Guess that makes me the winner! (*chuckling*) Again. (*menacingly*) Pay up!
Jasper: (*groaning*) Fine.

(*He deposits a paperweight on the counter—a snow-covered tree inside a cylindrical glass cover—and slinks away as a small armadillo rolls into view and uncurls itself.*)

Alphabittle: (*calling after him*) You could always try winnin' it back!

(*Two more of the little fellows pop up on his other side. Cut to Sunny and company, who watch Jasper's dispirited exit with considerable nervousness.*)

Alphabittle: (*from o.s.*) All right. (*Back to him.*) Suit yourself.

(*He sweeps up the paperweight and adds it to the shelves, exposing a tail as untidy as his mane and a cutie mark of a steaming teapot. As he turns away from the collection, the camera zooms in quickly on a bright blue crystal resting in a metal stand. It is an exact match in size and color for the Unicorn Crystal that figured in the stained-glass windows at the Zephyr Heights station.*)

Sunny: There it is! (*smiling; zoom in slowly*) I've got an idea. Maybe I can beat Alphabittle at his own game.
Izzy: Wait! Alphabittle can smell fear.
Sunny: Got it. Okay. (*to herself, moving toward counter*) Be cool.

(*Izzy voices an uneasy little moan despite the level stare and stoic demeanor her friend has adopted. The latter ambles up and takes a seat some distance away from the stallion, who is wiping down the surface with a rag.*)

Sunny: Tea.

(*At a nod from Alphabittle, one armadillo squeaks and slides a cup to her, while a second brings over a pot of milk/cream. Tilt up from these items to her face as she covers the cup with a hoof.*)

Sunny: Hold the milk. Quite the game player, I see.
Alphabittle: It passes the time. (*smiling craftily, now across from her*) Why? Do you play?
Sunny: I don't play. (*Zoom in to a close-up.*) I win.
Alphabittle: Is that so?
Sunny: Yeah, it is. And I challenge you… (*pointing to one side*) …for that!

(*Pan quickly in that direction and stop on the Unicorn Crystal; zoom in slowly.*)

Alphabittle: You think *you* can beat *me?*
Sunny: Only one way to find out.
Alphabittle: Big talk for a little pony.
Sunny: I think you'll find I'm average height. (*Long pause.*) Tick-tock. What do you say?
Alphabittle: Whatever you're bettin', it better be special.

(*The calculating smile never leaves her face as she draws the Pegasus Crystal from her saddlebag and lays it down; zoom in on it.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) Special enough for you?

(*A four-way gasp of shock from her traveling companions, followed by a widened pair of eyes on the game master's face. Izzy scrambles over with an uneasy little giggle and drapes her forelegs*

over Sunny's shoulders in a silent cue to back away for the moment. All five gather into a huddle, keeping their voices down for the next four lines.)

Zipp: (*chuckling nervously*) Um, w-what are you doing?
Sunny: Don't worry. I could solve that cube puzzle in my sleep.
Pipp: But if he wins, we'll lose both crystals!
Sunny: We won't. Trust me.
Alphabittle: (*from o.s.*) Izzy! (*Cut to him.*) If your friend is finished stalling, do we have a deal?
Sunny: (*confidently, normal volume*) Deal. (*She steps up.*) Now give me that cube.

(*One armadillo walks the length of the counter with the puzzle balanced on its back, but Alphabittle snatches it away before Sunny can touch it.*)

Alphabittle: No, no, no, no, no. (*tossing it aside, leaning into her face*) A special prize calls for a special competition. (*calling o.s.*) BRING FORTH THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE!

(*A spot of white light lands on him to accentuate the dramatic pose he has struck.*)

Sunny: (*rattled*) The ultimate what, now?

(*Pan quickly from her to a wooden grid of nine squares mounted in a metal frame on the floor. Except for the center one, each is marked with a horseshoe in a different color, with the bend aimed at the appropriate outer edge or corner. The eight marks are all different colors and are flashing in various patterns. Further cuts/pans pick out a central console with a square grid of four horseshoes and a bar graph to either side, then a display that marks this entire assembly as a Just Prance game. This is decorated with horseshoes and dancing-pony silhouettes, accentuated by a full-color effigy of a sunglasses-clad Alphabittle front and center. Zoom out quickly to frame the entire lot: two floor grids side by side before the console, a pair of speakers facing them, and the Unicorn and Pegasus Crystals on separate stands in the fore. The setup is very similar to the Dance Dance Revolution series of arcade games Cut to Sunny.*)

Sunny: (*unimpressed*) A dancing game. Seriously? (*Pan quickly to the poet onstage.*)
Poet: Both ponies agree. Best out of three.

(*Sunny and Alphabittle move toward the grids.*)

Alphabittle: Let's make this more interesting. You only need to win *one* out of three.

(*She shoots him a narrow-eyed glare as they take their places.*)

Strong Latin percussion line with electric guitar/bass, fast 4 (B major)
Vocals by Johnny Orlando

(*Two armadillos begin to run in wheels mounted behind the central console.*)

Orlando: (*muted, counting off*) One, two, three, come on
(*A pattern of marks spins up on the grid, which Alphabittle easily duplicates with his steps as Sunny stares dumbfounded.*)
(*un-muted, singing*) I got some news for you
Some feels, they be good for you
You know we be getting those [good times]
Whoops, there's a camera
(*The mare finally makes her first tentative move.*)
Jump on the weekend
Don't let the jam end [Hey!]
You can count on your best friend

Song winds to a stop as if played on a slowing phonograph

(*The pointer for the bar graph on Alphabittle's side ticks up to the top, and a panel decorated with crowns pops out with an extra "#1" one dangling from it. Cut to Sunny and a gloating Alphabittle on the start of the next line.*)

Alphabittle: (*laughing*) Yeah! That's how you do it!
Customers: (*dully*) Yaaaay.
Izzy: (*to a crestfallen Sunny*) I-It's okay. You're just warming up.
Poet: (*from o.s.*) What can you do? Round two.

Song resumes

Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na
Alphabittle: I'll make this quick.
Sunny: (*to herself*) Focus.

(*The armadillos run in their wheels and the game resumes, but now Sunny is making a much better showing.*)

Orlando: Show me the moves you got
DJ dropping the beats real hot
And I'm liking it a lot [Good times]
It's the party the world forgot [Hooray!]

Song winds to a stop

(*She looks up and utters a gasp; sure enough, Alphabittle's gauge has topped out once again and the congratulatory panel and "#1" crown are springing out on his side. The armadillos squeak their approval of the boss's performance.*)

Alphabittle: Yeah! Critters, get my crystal polish ready, would you? (*Derisive chuckle.*)
Poet: Round three. Who will it be?

Song resumes

Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na-na-na, na
Sunny: (*softly, to herself*) Oh, here goes nothing.
Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na
Pipp: Hey! You hear that, Sunny?
Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na-na-na, na
Pipp: (*dancing in place*) Feel—the rhythm—take—you over! (*Sunny smiles.*) You feeling it?
Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na, come on
Sunny: Oh, I'm feeling it. Huh. I'm feeling it!
Pipp: (*backing o.s.*) Yeah, you are, Sunny! (*The panel spins up a new combo…*) Yeah, you do this, Sunny!

Synth in; rock percussion

(*…and the battle is joined for a third time, Sunny moving far more nimbly than before as she takes Pipp's words to heart.*)

Orlando: I don't think that I can take much more
Pipp: (*from o.s.*) Whoo!
Orlando: I'm 'bout to lose my mind
(*Real uncertainty begins to take root on the broad gray face as both gauges rise in a split-screen view, staying nearly dead level with one another.*)
Orlando: But then I'm slip-n-sliding on the floor
Hitch: Yes! She's doing it! She's doing it!
Orlando: I think my dreams came true [Hey!]

Synth out; Latin percussion

(*One of the armadillos loses its footing and is flung out of its wheel, but Sunny continues to hit every beat dead on.*)

Orlando: And it's alright, alright, alright, right, right
(*Her gauge is now higher than Alphabittle's, to both his shock and that of the ejected critter.)*
It's alright [Lock the door and turn up the beat, it's alright to party]
[It's alright to party]

(*The pointer hits the top of the scale, and now the crowns swing out from her side.*)

<u>A cappella</u>

Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na

Song ends

(*Close-up of an out-of-breath Sunny.*)

Sunny: We won. (*Pan to Alphabittle, who gasps; she continues o.s.*) We won! (*Back to her, prancing giddily about*) We actually won!

(*All five whoop and cheer over her good fortune, but a toss of her head sends her fake horn bouncing and skittering across the floor. It comes to rest in front of Alphabittle, who stares dumbstruck at it as the crowd gasps and murmurs.*)

Alphabittle: (*levelly, contemptuously*) An earth pony.

(*Back to the group on the following, the others discarding their horns. Pipp is now holding the Pegasus Crystal, and she and Zipp have dumped their shawls to leave their wings in full view.*)

Zipp: And pegasi.
Izzy: And a unicorn! (*realizing her misstep*) Which…you knew already!
Sunny: I know it doesn't look like it, but we're here to help.
Alphabittle: Help? We don't need help—especially from ponies like you! (*advancing slowly on her*) Give me the crystal.
Sunny: But I won!
Alphabittle: You tricked me. (*really threatening*) The crystal. (*She quails in his growing shadow.*) *Now!*
Hitch: (*thinking fast*) Uh, uh…magic! Wing! Feather! MAYONNAISE!

(*The whole place goes dead silent for a long moment as all four of the forbidden words ring out.*)

Alphabittle: Bing!
Customer 1: Bong!

(*Followed swiftly by a string of "bing-bong" cries and most unusual gyrations from various other customers.*)

Sunny: Go, go, go!

(*As the tea shop deteriorates into a cacophony of ritual shouts, dances, and shattering china, the five waste no time in suiting the action to the word. She stops just long enough to snag the Unicorn Crystal from its stand and jam it into her saddlebag.*)

Alphabittle: (*calling after them*) YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!!

(*Outside, the doors fly open and they bolt back along the path.*)

Izzy: (*calling back over her shoulder*) Sorry about that! Uh, thanks for the tea!

(*The sign marking the shop chooses this moment to deal a final insult to Alphabittle and all the customers by falling off its mount and crashing down to block them in.*)

Act Four

(*Sunny and company gallop along the path, but slide to a stop with a unison gasp in a head-on shot; cut to their perspective of a small clearing, within which something blue and pink is emerging from the bushes with a grunt of exertion. This quickly resolves into Haven, her mane/tail/coat a complete shambles.*)

Haven: (*dazedly*) Oh…
Pipp, Zipp: Mom? (*They gallop to her.*)
Haven: Oh, my darlings! Thank hoofness!
Zipp: You escaped!
Pipp: How did you find us?

(*The foliage begins to rustle again; cut to a ground-level shot, the camera advancing rapidly through the leaves toward the group in general and Hitch in particular. In close-up, the stallion has just enough time for one scared yell before Cloudpuff leaps into view and tackles him. Once Hitch comes to, he finds that the pooch's jaws are locked around the badge that he lost on the way to Bridlewood and instantly shifts to triumph.*)

Hitch: Ah, my badge! (*pulling it away, holding it up*) Yes!
Haven: Oh, I'm so glad I found my little fillies. (*to Pipp/Zipp*) Now I know that if you just come back with me, we can explain everything. (*Neither daughter looks comfortable with the idea.*) Spin the story, and they'll love us again. Right?

(*Galloping hooves and rustling greenery make themselves heard, and here comes a hopping-mad Alphabittle along with several of his customers into the clearing. Gasps and mumbles from Sunny, Hitch, and Izzy, the stallion now upright and wearing his badge again.*)

Sunny: Let us explain!
Zoom: (*from o.s.*) There she is!

(*Cut to her, Thunder, and two additional pegasus guards making their way in through the underbrush.*)

Zoom: Your Criminal Highness, you're coming with us! (*Thunder cries out in fear.*)
Thunder: Unicorns!

(*He hastily fishes out a tennis ball and throws it at Alphabittle, intending to use it as a shield against the latter's powers in the same manner it was deployed on Izzy. It only bounces off the irked gray face, though.*)

Alphabittle: Give me back my crystals and leave Bridlewood!
Haven: *Your* crystals? That crystal belongs to me!
Alphabittle: Not anymore, it doesn't! I won it fair and square!
Haven: Ha! I certainly doubt it. (*The two close in toward each other.*) Unicorns are known to be cheaters.
Alphabittle: (*stomping*) You pegasi always thought you were better than us!
Zoom: Hey, that's our Queen you're talking to!
Customer 2: She's not a queen here!
Zoom: Who do you think you are?
Customer 3: We're gonna zap you with our horns!
Various customers: This is our land!…You're not welcome here!
Alphabittle: Surrender the crystal, or I'll use my powers against you!
Haven: I'd like to see you try!
Sunny: *Nopony has magic!*

(*That shuts all of them up in a very big hurry; Alphabittle and Haven back off just a hair.*)

Customer 4: Bing-bong!
Sunny: But we're here to bring it back.
Jasper: Is it possible?
Thunder: Did she just say "magic"?
Zoom: This is a trick.
Sunny: I know it sounds unbelievable, but…please, just let us try.
Zipp: Please, Mom, trust us.
Haven: (*stammering*) You too? (*sighing resignedly*) Fine.
Alphabittle: You're wasting your time, kid.

(*Sunny and Izzy now stand alone on a plateau at one end of the clearing, all others ranged at various distances facing them. They hold the Pegasus and Unicorn Crystals, respectively.*)

Sunny: Ready, Izzy?
Izzy: Ready.

(*They slowly raise the stones toward each other, aligned to connect as Sunny hypothesized in Zephyr Heights; their three friends watch with hopeful smiles, Pipp unfurling her wings as well. The spirit spreads to a couple of Alphabittle's customers, and Haven's eyes grow the merest fractionas the big guy's stolid demeanor begins to crack. Next the eyes of Thunder and a customer next to him widen…the two crystals inch ever closer…their holders' cheeks stretch with broadening smiles…and then the two gems click into place.*)

(*Absolutely nothing out of the ordinary happens for several seconds, causing the general mood of happy anticipation to melt into deep disappointment. Pipp folds in her wings as Sunny backs away, regarding the Pegasus Crystal.*)

Sunny: (*stammering a bit*) It…it… (*Cut to the colt from the playground swing addressing a neighboring stallion on the next line.*)
Swing colt: Why didn't it work, Daddy?
Father: 'Cause it was all just make-believe.
Sunny: (*nervously*) We can try it again! Maybe—maybe we—we did it wrong somehow.

(*Her perspective of all but her friends; Alphabittle, Haven, and Cloudpuff stay put as the unicorns slowly disperse.*)

Sunny: Wait, wait! Don't go! (*Back to her, dropping to haunches and fitting the crystals together again.*) Oh, come on! Work! (*Her friends; Hitch moves slowly toward her as she continues o.s.*) Work, please, work! (*Back to her.*) Come on…
Hitch: (*gently*) Sunny, it's okay. (*touching her shoulder*) You did everything you could.
Sunny: (*voice breaking*) I…I thought it would work. I was so, so sure of it.

(*Feeling lower than she probably ever has in her entire life, she straightens up and trudges across the clearing.*)

Zipp: Well, what do we do now, Sunny?

(*Without a word, the downcast mare places the Unicorn Crystal on Alphabittle's lifted hoof, then turns away from his thunderstruck expression to face Haven.*)

Sunny: (*giving Pegasus Crystal to her*) I'm sorry for all the trouble I caused you. (*She plods back across the grass.*)
Pipp: Sunny, we can't give up!
Sunny: I thought that I could make a difference.

(*She glumly watches the unicorns returning to their dreary lives; the colt who spoke up earlier gives her a brief, sad look over his shoulder as he walks alongside his father.*)

Sunny: (*voice breaking*) Everywhere I go, I just make things worse.
Izzy: That's not true. We're all in this together. (*to the other three*) Right?
Pipp: Yeah.
Zipp: Of course. (*Hitch nods.*)
Sunny: I'm so sorry I let you all down.

(*Turning her back on what remains of the gathering, she walks out of the clearing as if every hoof were loaded with half a ton of birdshot. Hitch begins to follow her, but pauses upon feeling the weight of Izzy's disbelieving gaze on his back and sighs, pivoting back to her.*)

Hitch: I guess this is goodbye…friends.
Zipp: (*shakily*) Better hurry, Sheriff.

(*He resumes his exit. Pan slowly away from the scene and through a thick stand of trees, arriving at a long shot of the lighthouse and a "Maretime Bay" sign in the foreground. The sky is darkening into sunset as Sunny and Hitch step into view.*)

Hitch: I'm right here if you need to talk, Sunny.

(*She just gives him one long, lugubrious look and continues on toward her home, leaving him to heave a quiet sigh and start moving back in the direction of the town proper. Cut to inside, the camera aimed at the front door as Sunny's silhouette appears in its curtained glass pane. She lets herself in, all traces of her normal exuberance completely wiped out, and stands at the threshold for a few seconds that seem like a week before entering. The closing of the door knocks the picture of herself and Argyle askew as it has before, but this time she does not set it right; instead, she chooses to sit at her bedroom window and stare forlornly out to the darkening sky. She has removed her saddlebag in this shot.*)

(*Voicing a sigh, she casts two mournful eyes toward the shelf by her bed, where her figurines of Twilight and company are still lined up by the lamp Argyle made for her. Now she sets out an open-topped wooden box and places the six dolls in it, keeping them in line; these are followed by the lamp, which is too tall to lie flat in the container. Cut to the lighthouse's lantern room; she sets the box on the floor and turns to one of her bulletin boards. A couple of its papers are pulled loose and left to flutter down to the hardwood, and she turns to the circular table at which she designed her picket materials for the Canterlogic show. It is still littered with supplies and half-finished sketches, which she begins to brush aside—only to freeze upon noticing part of the design worked into the tabletop. More perplexed than morose, she continues to clear the papers away and gets a good look at the picture. Engraved into the surface is a simplified representation of the joined Pegasus and Unicorn Crystals, including the circular gap enclosed by them. She peers closely at the image, gingerly tracing a hoof over its surface, and the lamp comes to life in response to a sunbeam striking it from an angle that just misses her shoulder.*)

(*Sunny stands up to full height with slowly widening eyes, which she fixes on the spherical beacon above the table. The lamp's beam connects solidly with this item and causes it to blaze up intensely for a moment, throwing images of earth ponies, pegasi, and unicorns all over every horizontal and vertical surface of this chamber. She turns to the lamp as the display ceases and gets a good look at its light source, a colorless circular crystal set into the base. This is removed and given a long, wondering scrutiny, which sparks the ghost of an idea in Sunny's mind as she looks toward the table again. Hesitantly, she places the stone onto the circle representing the gap at the center of the two united crystals. It sinks into the tabletop, the remainder of the design doing likewise in sections; she stares down at this bit of mechanical action, her brain completely locked up by confusion and dawning comprehension.*)

(*Cut to her galloping through the streets of Maretime Bay, a joyous smile nearly splitting her face from side to side. She is wearing her saddlebag again, and she heaves for breath as her hooves pound along the sidewalk. The camera zooms out slowly to reveal that the area is totally deserted except for her, and she brings herself to a bewildered stop upon noticing both this fact*

and evidence of general civil unrest. Broken tables, overturned food stand, movie posters ripped down, refuse scattered about.)

(*Cut to ground level and pan quickly away from her in the direction of an opening door to stop on a long shot of Hitch's office. He gallops out toward her.*)

Hitch: Sunny! (*She gasps from o.s.; cut to her.*)
Sunny: (*galloping to him*) Hitch, Hitch! I figured it out! There's actually a third—

(*She trails off into a gasp at the crack of fireworks, which prove to be issuing from the Canterlogic factory and in a queasy shade of green. Mare and stallion trade a bewildered look before speeding toward the pyrotechnics. Cut to a ground-level shot of rank on rank of hooves marching in lock step, seen in close-up and blocking their path. Once the full procession has passed, the camera cuts to frame the tops of the marchers' heads, all clad in Anti-Mindreading Hats, and zooms out to frame their stony visages. They are moving toward the hill on which the factory is situated.*)

Hitch: Huh? (*He pulls up to Toots, at the rear of the formation.*) Hey, what-what…what is going on here?
Toots: We can't tell you. We've signed the Official Sprout Act.
Hitch: Official Sprout—*what?*

(*Cut to a long shot of the paved courtyard immediately outside the main entrance and zoom in as marchers equipped with company-supplied headwear approach from both sides and the front and stop. Set up here is an implausibly tall lectern decorated with a large gold copy of Hitch's badge; it is equipped with a ramp for a user to reach the microphone, and a padded stool is set at the base of this. Sweets stands near the ramp, while Phyllis is across from her. An eerie silence falls once the last hooves have stomped into place, broken only when Sweets speaks.*)

Sweets: The Stallion-in-Chief!

(*She blows a chewing-gum bubble as the camera pans to the entrance, from which two impassive ponies emerge pulling a wagon. Its front end is also decorated with the gold badge, but its rider is out of view for the moment. Phyllis aims an adoring gaze at this individual, who proves to be Sprout when the view cuts to a profile close-up of him from chin to shoulders. The high, dark green collar he wore during his factory tour has been augmented with a variety of gold pins and medals, and a head-on shot and slow tilt down shows a matching peaked cap with an abundance of gold braid and trim. He is now wearing his old brown sash in addition to the collar.*)

(*Even the two birds and the crab that kept following Hitch around are part of the throng, wearing miniature Anti-Mindreading Hats of their own; the feathered ones each salute with a wing, while the shelled one snaps its claws. Sprout is now seen in full for the first time, the camera tilting up from a close-up of his hooves resting on a padded chair. Above a haughtily raised chin, his imperious eyes are hidden by a pair of mirrored sunglasses.*)

Sunny, Hitch: Sprout?

(*The wagon having stopped, the little dictator hops down onto one puller's head and from there to the ground, landing out of view behind the lectern. Long pause.*)

Sprout: (*from behind it, irked*) Step!
Sweets: Oh! Right.

(*She quickly pushes the stool—now seen to be mounted on a wheeled scissor-lift jack stand—up the ramp and into Sprout's hidden location. A few turns of a crank lift him fully into view so he can speak into the microphone.*)

Sprout: Citizens of Maretime—

(*He is unceremoniously cut off by the bottom edge of an enormous banner as it falls on him while being unfurled. It depicts a profile of his proudly defiant face against a yellow sunburst backdrop, with no shades or cap. He manages to wrestle his way out from the weighty textile with a grunt of effort, but comes up with his accessories askew and has to spend a moment straightening them.*)

Sprout: Can we try that again? (*Sunny and Hitch rush to center stage.*)
Hitch: Sprout! What are you doing?

(*All three of his faithful critters happily throw off their Anti-Mindreading Hats—one of the birds wearing its empty can underneath.*)

Sprout: (*mockingly, removing sunglasses, leaving over lectern*) Aw, little Sheriff Hitchie came trotting back. Waaah. (*normal tone*) Just in time to see me do what you couldn't—*attack our enemies!*

(*One hoof brushes against the microphone, setting off a feedback squeal that startles him into dropping the tinted lenses. Sunny and Hitch wince at the noise, Hitch audibly so.*)

Hitch: Wait, wait, no! Sprout, listen to me, listen to me! The pegasi and unicorns can be our friends. There's no need to be afraid of them. Besides, they don't even have any magic. (*Cut to Phyllis, positively floored by this.*)
Phyllis: What? (*To her son on the next line.*)
Sprout: (*scornfully*) No magic? (*Laugh.*) That's even better! (*Sunny turns to face the crowd.*)
Sunny: But we can bring magic back! Bring friendship back!
Sparkle Chaser: So we don't have to fight? (*sighing*) That's a relief.

(*He begins to cast off the Pega-Periscope Goggles he is still wearing, and those around him do likewise with their Anti-Mindreading Hats, throwing a fair-sized wrench into the aspiring despot's mental gears.*)

Sprout: W-Wait. (*His perspective of one group.*) Wait. (*Pan to another.*) W-Whoa, whoa! (*Back to him.*) D-Don't listen! They've been brainwashed! You'll all be next if we don't end this now!

(*Cut to the throng on the end of this; as quickly they were shedding their gear a moment ago, the now put it right back on. His malicious laughter rings out as the camera returns to him, and he brings a hoof down on a large red button set into the lectern. The concrete beneath Sunny and Hitch begins to tremble, and they are forced to step back quickly as a hatch grinds open and something very, very large begins to rise from the depths. Its shadow falls over them and the nearest ranks of supporters.*)

Sprout: (*from o.s.*) Say hello to Sprouticus Maximus!

(*Accompanied by shots of a flame-shaped panel attached to an expanse of red steel bodywork, Phyllis staring upward at this monstrosity with jaw hanging slack, and a bumper set with a "SPRT 4 EVR" license plate. The next cut is to an upper cockpit, which swivels to face front and display an assortment of silly toys hung up within; the windshield's upper edge is angled down to suggest a pair of thick lowered eyebrows, and the body panel beneath is it shaped in the manner of a pony's jaw. Zoom out quickly to frame the whole thing, standing perhaps five times the height of an average pony and constructed from hydraulics and heavy metal to take on a vaguely equine shape. A horn and a giant copy of Hitch's badge are mounted on the front end. Sprout's laughter echoes from somewhere below, over a collective shocked gasp.*)

Phyllis: (*coaxingly*) Maybe this is a bit too much, dear!

(*He pays no mind, leaping nimbly up the chassis and the flame panels stretching back from the mechanical shoulders and opening a hatch so he can access the cockpit. Now a bobblehead figure of himself can be seen on the dashboard.*)

Sprout: Troops! On to Bridlewood!

(*Close-up of a lever being thrown as he finishes; he then hits a button to start the rig rumbling to live and pulls a hanging cord to blow the horn.*)

Sunny: (*to Hitch*) We have to warn them!

(*He follows her lead away from the premises as the steel beast rolls out, lurid green headlights pointing the way. Sprout follows them down the street, laughing maniacally and plowing a trolley off its tracks. The two fleeing quadrupeds barrel toward the lighthouse.*)

Izzy: (*from o.s.*) Sunny!

(*Looking ahead, they find her, Pipp, and Zipp closing in fast and slam on the brakes.*)

Sunny: What are you guys doing here?
Izzy: We don't care what anypony says!

Zipp: Yeah, we just want to stay friends! (*Sound of approaching hooves at a gallop.*)
Haven: (*from o.s.*) Pipp, Zipp…

(*Cut to her, followed by Cloudpuff at her heels and her guards and the Bridlewood contingent at a distance. She has managed to clean herself up since leaving the clearing.*)

Haven: I know you're upset, darlings, my sweet little darlings. (*To said darlings on the end of this, then back to her.*) But it's time to go home now.
Alphabittle: Izzy Moonbow, you're gonna get us all jinxed! Come back to Bridlewood.
Haven: Excuse me, do you see my mouth still moving? (*over-enunciating her words*) That means I'm still talking.
Sunny: You're all in danger!
Haven: I'm sorry, what?

(*A blast from the horn of Sprouticus Maximum catches all the new arrivals off guard and elicits a gasp, and the assault vehicle comes tearing into view from around a bend. It hisses to a stop, sending up plumes of dust through which Sprout's followers march up in formation and halt, some now wearing miniature Splat-a-Pults in harnesses across their backs. Their discipline evaporates with a round of popeyed stares and a nervous little stammer from Toots, as they have found both pegasi and unicorns facing them down. The big boss has now shed his cap.*)

Sprout: Would you look at this? Our enemies delivered themselves to us!

(*Cut to just behind his head; the next line is muffled slightly by the windshield glass.*)

Haven: No, no, no, we're not here to fight. Mr. Big Robot Pony.
Sprout: I do not accept your surrender! (*to his troops*) Load the Splat-a-Pults!

(*Down at ground level, the ones carrying the mobile artillery instead break ranks and peel off as fast as their hooves can carry them.*)

Sprout: (*snarling*) Why do I have to do everything myself?

(*In response to his tweaking of the controls, the front bumper lifts off the turf on a set of jointed arms to serve as a battering ram.*)

Zipp: We have to stop that thing!
Izzy: Yeah, but how?
Sunny: (*after a moment's thought*) With magic! (*She wheels back to Alphabittle and Haven and holds out a hoof.*) Quick, I need your crystals!

(*The two items in question are swiftly passed to her.*)

Sunny: There's a third crystal! (*charging away*) Follow me! (*Izzy and the sisters do so.*)
Hitch: (*bewildered*) What? (*He follows suit.*)

Sprout: Oh, no, you don't!

(*With a hard yank at the steering controls, he slews the machine around and trains his headlights on the quintet, racing up the hill toward the lighthouse.*)

Hitch: I've gotta rein that thing in! (*He turns back toward it, then Zipp.*)
Zipp: I've got your back, Hitch!

(*As Sprouticus Maximus hurtles up the grassy slope, these two leap aboard and fetch up behind the raised front bumper. The other three have made it to the lighthouse's lantern room and are gathering around the table in which the crystal from Sunny's lamp is still embedded. Sunny pulls the Unicorn Crystal from her saddlebag, drawing a sly chuckle from Izzy, and sets it in its place on the recessed outline. The Pegasus Crystal is brought out next—but here comes Sprout, chuckling nastily and feeding gas as he covers the final yards to reach the hilltop. The bumper plows into the ground floor, shaking the entire structure and jolting the three crystals all over the place. The mares are thrown to the floor with a cry.*)

Hitch: SPROUT, STOP!!

(*The impact sends fissures racing up the tower and into its balcony; up top, Sunny has recovered only the Pegasus Crystal.*)

Sunny: Where are the other crystals?

(*All three look frantically around themselves; down below, Hitch plasters himself across the windshield, his voice muffled by the glass since the camera is inside the cockpit.*)

Hitch: *This ends now!*
Sprout: What, and let them have magic? Never!

(*He yanks a lever, backing up from the lighthouse, and Hitch begins to climb up the rear end. In far too short a time, panels have opened on both sides so that a pair of giant Splat-a-Pults can deploy and begin hurling globs of green slime.*)

Hitch: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

(*Zoom can only get out an inarticulate yelp as she shucks and jives to avoid the fusillade, and other ponies scramble in every conceivable direction. Even Alphabittle's armadillos come within a whisker of being shot down; he races in and plants himself directly above them as an equine shield. One missile splatters across his back while another connects with a rear hoof, gluing him to the ground despite his efforts to pull free. Many, many more slam into the windows ringing the lantern room. Pipp shrieks in surprise and fright, recoiling slightly and putting a hoof down on the crystal from Sunny's lamp.*)

Pipp: (*smiling, grabbing it up*) Sunny! (*She throws it across; Sunny catches it.*)

Sunny: Got it!

(*It is slammed into place to fill the gap at the center of the Pegasus Crystal, which has already been set.*)

Sunny: We need the Unicorn Crystal! (*Pan quickly to Izzy.*)
Izzy: I'm looking! I'm looking!

(*Sprout throws a lever, kicking the wheels of Sprouticus Maximus into a higher gear; the vibrations cause Hitch to start toppling over the side with a yell.*)

Zipp: (*diving after him*) Hitch!

(*By grabbing his forelegs, she prevents him from getting his skull caved in by a whirling Splat-a-Pult and drags him back to relative safety. He sighs in relief once he is firmly back on the chassis. Up above, Izzy happens across the Unicorn Crystal and holds it up with a big smile.*)

Izzy: Found it!

(*She immediately has to eat her words when a fresh hit by Sprout's vehicle shakes the building and sends it flying. Cut to it skittering across the balcony.*)

Izzy: (*from o.s.*) Oh, no, no, no!

(*It comes to rest on the very edge, a breath away from going over; back to the trio. She gasps in fright an instant before Pipp plunges through the floor and out of sight with a scream, her weight having dislodged the lift platform that connects this room with the lower stories. The device brings her to a hard stop just short of the floor in the ravaged living room.*)

Pipp: (*sighing in relief, calling upward*) I'm okay!

(*Cut to the other two on the end of this, her message echoing in the space below. Izzy's panicked eyes flick from the hole to the balcony.*)

Izzy: (*gasping*) Flint!

(*She rushes out and sweeps up the Unicorn Crystal, only to drop out of sight with a scream as the stonework crumbles away.*)

Sunny: Izzy!

(*Darting to the doorway, she finds her friend clinging desperately to the remains of the balcony by one foreleg as the Splat-a-Pults continue their assault.*)

Izzy: Stop!
Zipp: (*to Hitch*) We need to shut these down!

(*Tilt down to the hub of one weapon and zoom in to a close-up of a pin inserted here, then cut to Alphabittle still trying to rip his befouled hoof away from the grass as Sprout's mayhem machine backs up toward him Pipp emerges from the lighthouse's ruined front door.*)

Pipp: Alphabittle, look out!

(*As she finishes, the camera shifts to ride alongside the thundering wheels. Just before they can turn him into roadkill, Haven hurls herself into view and tackles him broadside with enough force to break him loose of the green goop. Both of them wind up in a heap amid the dust kicked up by the passage of Sprouticus Maximus, and they get a pleasant surprise upon finding that all three of Alphabittle's armadillos are safe and sound in his hooves and under her wing.*)

(*Phyllis makes her way through the bedlam and gasps at the sight of Izzy dangling from Sunny's precarious grip and trying to pluck the Unicorn Crystal from the bit of rubble on which it is caught. One snatch comes up just a fraction short and brushes against it. Now Zipp strains with every scrap of muscle she has to keep hold of Hitch's sash and prevent from going overboard as he stretches a foreleg toward the pin in the Splat-a-Pult's hub. He jerks it out of the slot with a final savage lunge; freed from its mooring, the wheel pops loose and is flung ahead of Sprouticus Maximus in a long, high trajectory. He gasps in shock as it arcs through the sky at an insane velocity, and Izzy has only time for one scream before Sunny swings her to one side. The wheel embeds itself in the side of the tower, at almost the exact spot she had been reaching toward.*)

Hitch: (*to Zipp*) Okay, that was a bad idea! (*Cut to Sprout.*)
Phyllis: (*from outside*) Sprout! (*To her, galloping alongside.*) Let's put the toys away!
Sprout: (*whining*) Mommy, please! I'm in the middle of something!
Phyllis: You come down from there right now! (*Izzy continues her play for the Unicorn Crystal.*)
Izzy: (*straining*) I've almost got it!

(*Gravity finally brings it down from its perch, but she manages to snatch it out of free fall and is pulled up to safety by Sunny. The two wind up flat on their bellies and heaving for breath, and Izzy triumphantly holds up the blue stone.*)

Sprout: But, Mommy, I'm in *chaaaaarge!* (*He accelerates forward; Phyllis plants herself squarely in his path as he finishes.*)
Phyllis: I said, *STOP!!*

(*Filial respect wins out over megalomania; he voices a sharp cry and hauls on the controls, swerving sharply around her and throwing Hitch/Zipp to the ground. The Sheriff manages to get out one gasp of dawning horror before the machine collides with the lighthouse at ramming speed. The entire lantern room shakes from the impact, causing Sunny to drop the Unicorn Crystal just as she is about to slot it home; she and Izzy yelp in surprise, and the whole structure begins to wobble on its foundations, fractured from top to bottom.*)

Hitch: No, no, no!

(*Pipp adds her own panic-stricken vocalization as the upper portion of the tower begins to slide free. Sunny now has the runaway gen in hoof once more and is about to set it into the table, but a sharp tilt of the floor dumps both her and Izzy onto their bellies and sends them sliding and yelling toward the broken-off balcony. They rise to a crouch and force themselves back up the rapidly steepening slope toward the table, and at last Sunny snaps the Unicorn Crystal into place to complete the trio. Near-total silence reigns for an unbearably long moment, broken only by the ponderous grinding of stone on stone, as the crystals lie inert in their setting.*)

Izzy: It…it didn't work.

(*The sounds of disintegration grow and the tower top lists badly, dragged down by the weight of the Splat-a-Pult wheel jammed into it. In slow motion, Sunny and Izzy watch in undiluted horror as the crystals are thrown from the table; the action speeds up to normal in time with their graceless belly flop onto the floor and the crystals' bouncing out of reach across it.*)

Sunny: No, no, no!

(*She screams as momentum takes the gems out the wrecked doorway and threatens to do the same to her—and then gravity finally wins the battle for the tower top, which falls away from the rest of the structure and o.s. A sickening crash marks its introduction to the ground, along with clouds of dust boiling up from below to fill the screen. The haze gradually clears to frame Sunny lying insensate amid the fresh rubble, her saddlebag gone; she forces her eyes open and sits up dazedly, with visible effort. Eyes widen, jaw goes slack, and brain completely seizes up as she takes in the full extent of the devastation Sprout has inflicted. Except for a stub of red/white masonry protruding from the roof of the living quarters, the lighthouse tower no longer stands against a sky that has fully darkened into night. The quarters themselves are badly cracked and gouged to the point that any competent home inspector would condemn them as uninhabitable. Sunny and Izzy slowly get upright for a despondent look around the remains of the battle zone; cut to a close-up of Sunny's treasured photo of herself and Argyle that had hung by the front door. The frame has broken into four pieces at the corners, and the picture itself has suffered from several tears and a couple of ripped-away spots, but the images of father and daughter are still present if damaged. Zoom in slowly on this, then cut back to Sunny as she voices a soft, utterly crushed sigh.*)

(*The sound of multiple violent coughing fits boots her back to the here and now; cut to a slow pan across members of all three tribes trying to stand and clear their lungs, then to Sprouticus Maximus. The massive craft has overturned, leaving its cockpit hatch nearly at ground level, and Sprout heaves this open from inside and climbs out. Once it has slammed shut, he begins to move away, face radiating all too clearly the boundless shock thrust upon him by seeing exactly what he has brought about with his xenophobia and bigotry.*)

Izzy: (*moving up behind Sunny*) Oh, Sunny…

Sunny: (*softly*) I understand now.

(*Longer shot; she and her friends stand as part of a congregation around the wrecked picture.*)

Sunny: It's not the crystals that need to be brought together. It's us.

(*Cut to Alphabittle, Haven, and Phyllis looking on; Sprout hesitantly joins them, getting a dirty sidewise look from his mother. The big unicorn has fully cleansed himself of Splat-a-Pult goop.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) We can bring back everything that was lost. (*Back to her.*) But it's up to us. We can stay separated by fear and distrust— (*To the four on the end of this, then to a slow pan across her and her friends.*) —or we can choose friendship.

(*The five trade warm smiles; close-up of the photo.*)

Sunny: (*from o.s.*) We can choose love. (*Back to her.*) That's the true magic.

(*Alphabittle, Phyllis, and Sprout are truly gobsmacked to see Haven coming forward. Tilt down to the photo; she nudges one piece of the frame into alignment with another to form a corner. Sunny offers her a silent, shining-eyed smile of thanks in return for her gesture, which Alphabittle copies by pushing a third section into place. The last one is set by Phyllis to close in the form, after which the camera tilts up to frame the monarch, business-mare, and tea shop proprietor giving their warmest smiles of sympathy for Sunny's losses past and present.*)

(*The display does wonders to lift the spirits of the five cross-country adventurers; cut to a long shot outside the gathering and tilt down to a patch of debris at ground level. Something begins to glimmer beneath the tumble of rock fragments, and in due time the brilliantly gleaming Unicorn Crystal rises from them and into the air. The Pegasus Crystal and the one from Sunny's lamp do likewise, each putting out enough luminous intensity to serve as a lighthouse beacon in a pinch, and begin to orbit around Sunny.*)

Sunny: What?

(*Faster and faster they go, light trails nearly forming a solid circle; they rise into the night air, startling a squawk from her as she is hauled up as well. Soon she is above the roof level of her trashed home; her other four friends gasp in wonder, and a pair of wings formed from gold-hued light fade into being on her back. A similarly colored horn takes shape on her forehead, and she proudly rears up in midair as a rainbow-colored streak appears in her mane, the braid coming undone to hang as a thick sheaf of hair over one shoulder. The crystals rocket upward, assembling themselves into their intended triumvirate formation and sending a rainbow shock wave over all of Maretime Bay. It leaves vivid aurora borealis ribbons in its wake, and Izzy and Pipp/Zipp find flickers of light springing to life in horn and wings.*)

Izzy: Whoooooaaa!

(*Zipp lets off an exultant laugh as she and her sister lift off into real, soaring, looping flight for the first time in their lives.*)

Pipp: We're actually flying!
Zipp: Whoo!

(*Haven gasps as well, finding that the effect has taken hold in her own feathers, and Alphabittle laughs at the ignition of his own horn. Phyllis marvels at the both of them, while Sprout remains too stunned to get any words out. High above, a laughing Sunny remains in a hover as Pipp and Zipp rise to her.*)

Zipp: (*laughing*) Whoa, Sunny! Check you out!

(*Sunny tries a whooping little dip and descends with them to rejoin Hitch and Izzy on the ground. Now her mark is visible as a pink/blue-green-striped lightning bolt topped by a gold crown.*)

Hitch: What?!
Sunny: I can't believe it!
Izzy: Now *that's* what I call a glow-up!
Pipp: (*pointing into the sky*) Look!

(*Pan/tilt up to follow her gesture, dissolve to another stretch of the magically re-infused heavens, and tilt down to the Bridlewood playground. The foals slumped listlessly on the equipment snap out of their gloom in a very big hurry once their horns power up, and the colt on the swing hops off to gallop for home.*)

Swing colt: Daddy, Daddy! The magic is real!
Mare: Whoa!

(*Laughs up and down the path, followed by a glow from one of the crystal outcroppings that line it. Dissolve to a Zephyr Heights street, the camera pointing up at the upper stories of a building and rising to follow pegasi of all ages who are getting their first taste of true flight. They cheer and giggle while gamboling among the extravagant architecture and bright display screens. Even the winged rat that sidled up to Hitch in the alley during the group's Act Three escape from the royal celebration is catching some air.*)

(*Another dissolve and zoom out brings the focus back to Sunny, at the railing overlooking the sea. She smiles placidly as a yipping Cloudpuff bobbles across in midair, chased on hoof by a laughing colt. The camera pans to follow them down the street; ponies are toasting one another with smoothies, including Sparkle Chaser—still wearing his Pega-Periscope Goggles after all this craziness—and Zoom. The other Maretime Bay locals have all ditched their Canterlogic protective equipment. Stop on Alphabittle and Haven, the unicorn chuckling as the pet settles onto the back of the pegasus.*)

Haven: (*to Cloudpuff*) Oh, I see you've made a new friend. (*Chuckle.*)

Alphabittle: (*to another foal*) Hi there, buddy!

(*The playful pursuit resumes, this time passing Hitch, Thunder, a construction worker, and one of the birds from Hitch's little posse. All four are staring skyward and have been thrown for a very big loop.*)

Hitch: Wow!

(*Cut to a trolley in midair, the one Sprout knocked over in his mad dash to the lighthouse. Its base and wheels are wreathed in the glow of magic, and the camera tilts down to follow its slow descent to ground level. Izzy and another unicorn are using their newly reawakened horn-power to set it back on the tracks, earning cheers from its conductor and a filly as they watch. Pipp brings up her phone to snap a picture of a cheerful bunch consisting of Zipp, Toots, Sweets, an earth pony, a unicorn, Hitch's "squad," and Alphabittle's armadillos. That done, she tucks it under a wing.*)

Pipp: (*singsong*) Stunning! (*She walks off past Phyllis and Sprout, fluttering happily.*)
Sprout: Mommy, was I a good sheriff?
Phyllis: (*stammering, then pointing abruptly skyward*) Look! A flying dog!

(*As he turns his eyes up that way, she uses the distraction to hurry away and thus avoid the necessity of answering his question with an emphatic "no." He scowls to himself upon realizing that he has been so easily duped. Hitch and Izzy approach Sunny from opposite sides, the camera zooming out slowly.*)

Hitch: You did it, Sunny. (*Pipp and Zipp join them.*)
Sunny: No. (*bumping him playfully*) *We* did it—together.
Izzy: (*prancing in place*) Now we never have to be apart!

(*All laugh and close in, piling up one front hoof each at the center of their circle.*)

All five: Hooves to hearts!

(*The limbs are thrown upward as the hapless tester of the Earth Pony Balloon Escape Pack comes in for a landing at very long last, facing away from them. He lets out a relieved breath.*)

Balloon tester: Hey, guys! What'd I miss?

(*Turning around, he gets an eyeful of the quintet and freezes in place upon seeing representatives of all three tribes at peace—and one of his own wearing a horn and wings to boot. His paralysis gives way to jittering hooves and a top-of-the-lungs terrified scream before the view cuts to the title card, presented as a scrapbook page covered with stickers and doodles.*)

Credits

Same song as during Pipp's Act Two performance
Piano/synth chords with ticking hi-hat and handclaps, bright 4 (C major)

(*As the song plays, the name of one principal voice actor or staff member is displayed at a time alongside an image symbolic of his/her role.*)

Pipp: We got the light, we're coming in stronger
We're in it together, if you want it, it's all inside your mind
We got the light, won't wait any longer
We'll get it together, if you want it, then you can paint the sky [Hey!]

Horn crescendo on end of previous line, followed by bass-heavy dance beat with drums

Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
Glowin' up kinda love, we say "hi," you say "what?"

Rhythm electric guitar/piano/synth in

Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
Glowin' up kinda love, we say "hi," you say "what?"

Piano out

Everywhere that I've been, yeah, they say I'm different
But I'm good in my skin [Ooh-ooh] [Hey!]
If it doesn't feel right, break it in with tie-dye
And don't you stop 'til sunrise
We don't fly like we used to, we take what we've been through
And we can feel brand-new [Ooh-ooh-ooh]
I know I am a fighter, I feel the fire
I'm shining brighter [Ooh-ooh-ooh]

Piano/synth chords, hi-hat and handclaps

We got the light, we're coming in stronger
We're in it together, if you want it, it's all inside your mind [It's all inside your mind]
We got the light, won't wait any longer
We'll get it together, if you want it, then you can paint the sky [Hey!]

Horn crescendo on end of previously line, followed by bass/drum dance beat

Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
Glowin' up kinda love, we say "hi," you say "what?"

Rhythm guitar/piano/synth in

Glowin' up kinda love, dip and slide through the cut
Glowin' up kinda love, we say "hi," you say "what?"

Horns in

[Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh] We got the kinda love [Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh], we got the kinda love
[Ooh-ooh-ooh] Glowin' up kinda love
We got the light [Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh], we got the kinda love [Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh]

We got the kinda love [Oh-oh-oh-oh], glowin' up kinda love
All instruments out except for a piano/synth chord
Glowin' up kinda love

Song ends as echoes of the last line fade away

(*Displayed in time with the end of the song are the two vertical stained-glass windows from the Zephyr Heights station, now fully repaired and still showing a gap between them. Unicorn on the left, pegasus on the right, their respective crystals suspended overhead—and now a third pane slides in to fill the opening, showing the last crystal above a proud earth pony.*)

(*Cut to three colts, one of each tribe, walking through a meadow outside Maretime Bay proper at sunset. They chant Pipp's chorus in rough time.*)

Unicorn: Glowing up!
Earth pony: Kinda love!
Pegasus: (*hovering briefly*) We say "hi," you say—
All three: —"What?" (*Laughter.*)
Pegasus: Race you to the bridge! (*He darts ahead.*)
Unicorn: (*following*) Oh, it's on!
Earth pony: (*laughing*) But no using your magic this time!

(*He joins the chase, the camera panning to frame all three on the following.*)

Pegasus: Last one there is a rotten sardine!
Unicorn: I'm gonna win!
Earth pony: Me first!

(*As they drop out of sight over a hill, a trail of glowing prints appears in the grass to mark this colt's path in reverse. The camera pivots downward to a close-up of one, heart-shaped, and its radiance intensifies for a moment before the view snaps to black.*)

(*The credits resume at this point as a standard crawl.*)

Bass melody with drums and finger snaps, upbeat 4 (B major)
Vocals by Callie Twisselman
First and third lines echo slightly

Twisselman: Some days get the best of me
Sometimes I feel I'm not enough, not enough
That's not who I want to be
I know I'm not the only one, no
Background electric guitar in, pizzicato
Everybody needs somebody
I'm somebody too [Everybody needs somebody], ooh, yeah

If you ever need somebody
I'll be there for you

Guitar strengthens; synth in (A flat minor)
Fifth and seventh lines echo slightly

Twisselman: You know the truth is, we're not so different after all
[Now can you feel it?] Can you feel it? [Now can you feel it?]
I need a friend too, I'll be here to catch you when you fall
[Now can you feel it?] Can you feel it? [Now can you feel it?]
'Cause we're better together
[Now can you feel it?] Together [Now can you feel it?]
We're better together
[Now can you feel it?] Together [Now can you feel it?]

All instruments out except for quiet synth chords (B major)
Second and fourth lines echo slightly

Twisselman: Everybody needs somebody
I'm somebody too
Minimal percussion in
If you ever need somebody
I'll be there for you
Guitar in (A flat minor)
Shouts of "Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!" under each line
You know the truth is, we're not so different after all [After all]
[Now can you feel it?] Can you feel it, yeah? [Now can you feel it?]
Full percussion in
I need a friend too, I'll be here to catch you when you fall
[Now can you feel it?] Can you feel it? [Now can you feel it?]
Synth in; shouts stop
'Cause we're better, better together
[Now can you feel it?] Together [Now can you feel it?]
We're better, better together
[Now can you feel it?] Together [Now can you feel it?]

Song ends with fading echoes of final chord and words

(*Accompanied by the following events. Cloudpuff marches proudly across the screen, a tennis ball clamped firmly in his jaws, then chases it when it is thrown back into view. On its second bouncing pass, both the dog and the two birds from Hitch's entourage get after it; the crab joins in for the third. A fourth pass finds several of the rabbit-eared guinea pigs from Hitch's Act Two trip to Zephyr Heights involved as well, but they quickly lose interest and sit down at the bottom edge of the screen to watch the credits. A few more stop by and join in. Their perusal is*

punctuated by the occasional hop in place, turn to stare at the camera, or burst of ear-clapping applause. This continues throughout the remainder of the credits.)

Same song as in the Just Prance challenge of Act Three (vocals: Johnny Orlando)
Strong Latin percussion line with electric guitar/bass, fast 4 (B major)

Orlando: Na, na, na, na, na-na-na, na
Na, na, na, na, na
(*muted, counting off*) One, two, three, come on
(*un-muted, singing*) I got some news for you
Some feels, they be good for you
You know we be getting those [good times]
Whoops, there's a camera
Jump on the weekend
Don't let the jam end [Hey!]
You can count on your best friend

A cappella

[I can be your best friend] Yeah

Instrumentation resumes; synth in; rock percussion

I don't think that I can take much more
I'm 'bout to lose my mind
But then I'm slip-n-sliding on the floor
I think my dreams came true [Hey!]

Synth out; Latin percussion

And it's alright, alright, alright, right, right
It's alright [Lock the door and turn up the beat, it's alright to party]
It's alright, alright, alright, right, right
It's alright [Lock the door and swallow the key, it's alright to party]
It's alright, it's alright
[Everyone feeling it, jump on the ceiling, so happy to see you now, it's alright!]
Show me the moves you got
DJ dropping the beats real hot
And I'm liking it a lot [Good times]
It's the party the world forgot [Hooray!]
So slow it down until we lose control
[Oh-h-h]

Synth in; rock percussion

I don't think that I can take much more
I'm 'bout to lose my mind [I'm about to lose my mind, yeah]
But then I'm slip-n-sliding on the floor
I think my dreams [Dreams!] came [Came!] true [True! Hey!]

Horns and backing vocal harmonies/exclamations in; synth out; Latin percussion

(*A differently colored ball rolls into view and uncurls as one of Alphabittle's armadillos, prompting all the fuzzy little guys to hop away and leave it alone at bottom center. After a few seconds, it curls up and rolls out.*)

Orlando:

And it's alright, alright, alright, right, right
It's alright [Lock the door and turn up the beat, it's alright to party]
It's alright [alright], alright [alright], alright, right, right
It's alright [Lock the door and swallow the key, it's alright to party]
It's alright, it's alright
[Lock the door and swallow the key, it's alright to party]
It's alright, it's alright
[Everyone feeling it, jump on the ceiling, so happy to see you now, it's alright!]
[Lock the door and turn up the beat, it's alright to party]

Bass/horns out

Na, na, na, na, na [Lock the door and swallow the key, it's alright to party]
Na, na, na, na, na-na-na, na [Lock the door and turn up the beat, it's alright to party]
Na, na, na, na, na [Lock the door and swallow the key, it's alright to party]
Na, na, na, na, na-na-na, na

<u>A cappella</u>

Na, na, na, na, na

Song ends

(*Near the end of the song, one more tennis ball sails into view and bounces to rest. This is the one that was used as a "shield" against Izzy's then-nonexistent magic in Zephyr Heights during Act Two, based on the visible hole made from jamming it onto her horn. The winged rat that befriended Hitch flies erratically onto the screen, lands next to it, and hugs it as if it were a toothsome morsel of cheese. It is left alone on the screen, the credits having finished, and the view fades to black as the song ends.*)

(*The Netflix production logo is displayed, followed by lists of credits that name the staff and voice actors involved in dubbing the movie into thirty-four languages other than English.*)